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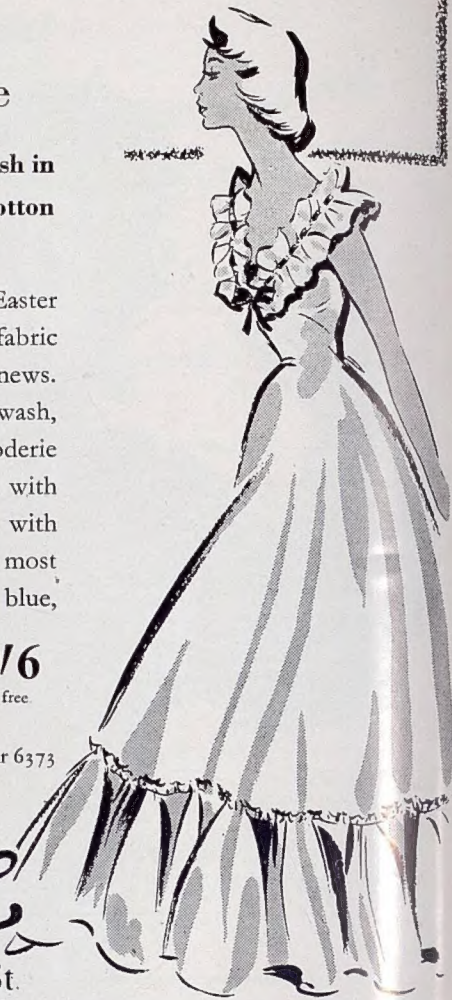
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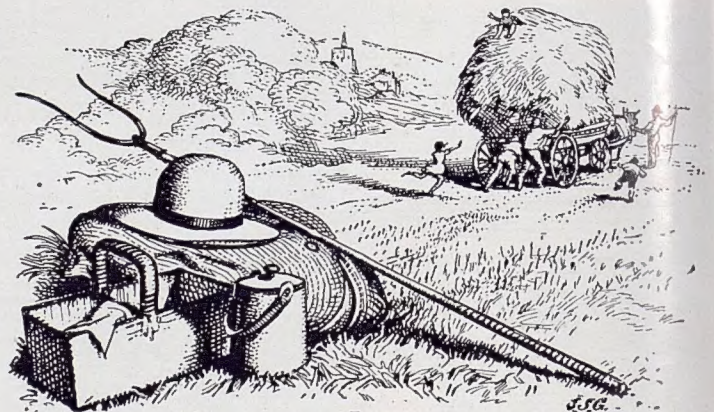
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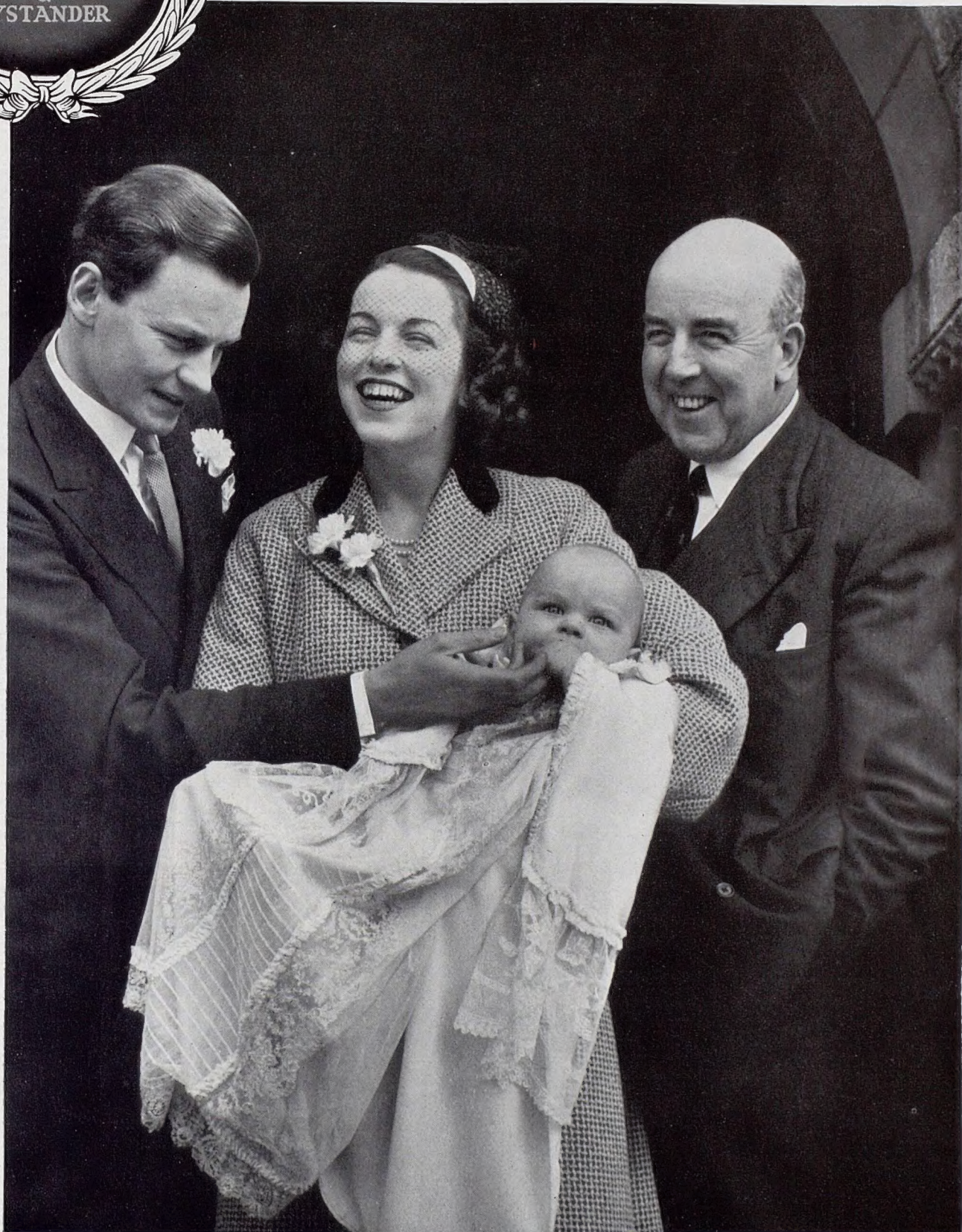
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## MICHAEL ALONE WAS NOT AMUSED

**H**APPY scene after the christening of Michael James Lowles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Stratton, at the church where they were married, St. Michael and All Angels, Sunninghill, Berks. Michael appears a little aloof from the amusement of his parents and grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Lowles, who was proxy for one of the godparents, Mr. Miles Gosling. Mrs. Stratton, daughter of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Lowles, is a celebrated dinghy helmswoman





MISS PRUE MCCORQUODALE is the younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. Malcolm McCorquodale, M.P. for Epsom, and of Mrs. McCorquodale, and is to attend this afternoon's party



MISS CAROLINE HIGHAM, only daughter of Mr. Ronald Higham and the Hon. Mrs. Higham, is the granddaughter of Viscount Hampden. She is to make her curtsy to the Queen Mother tomorrow

## DÉBUTANTES WHO WILL GO TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE Royal Presentation afternoon parties are taking place today and tomorrow (March 24 and 25) at Buckingham Palace. The seven young girls pictured here are among those being presented to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is deputizing for Her Majesty the Queen



THE HON. MARY STOPFORD, among the most attractive of this season's débutantes, is the elder daughter of Viscount Stopford (eldest son of the Earl of Courtown) and of Mrs. Christopher Vian, of Old Quarry, Tuesley, Godalming, Surrey



MISS ANNE NORTON-GRIFFITHS is the daughter of Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, Bt., and of Lady Norton-Griffiths. Her father, who is a barrister, is a member of the Inner Temple



MISS LINDA MCNAIR-SCOTT is a granddaughter of Viscount and Viscountess Camrose, and her mother, the Hon. Mrs. McNair-Scott, is giving a dance for her on June 10

Yevonde

Lenore





THE HON. ELIZABETH REES-WILLIAMS is another who is in the front rank of this year's young girls being introduced into society. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ogmores, and has recently returned from Switzerland where she made a special study of the French language

Fayer

join in the fun of a first season. This is Miss Davina Henderson who is coming over from Melbourne in May. Her father, Mr. Roger Henderson, was killed in the war and her mother has since remarried and is now Mrs. Robert Manifold, of Wiridgil, Camperdown, Victoria. Davina is going to stay with her grandmother, the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson, and her aunts, Lady Burghley and Mrs. Goedhuis, who will join in entertaining for her during the summer.

★ ★ ★

As always the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park was a great occasion for members of the Forces, past and present alike. On the opening day, which was favoured with sunshine, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret, were present, and lunched before racing with the Stewards, as did the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Later in the afternoon the Queen Mother presented the Grand Military Gold Cup to Lt.-Col. "Monkey" Blacker, who won the race on his own horse Pointsman after a very exciting finish. Col. M. Gordon-Watson of the Irish Guards was second on his Point of Law and Major P. B. Fielden third on his Roughan.

Major Blacker, who has dislocated his neck twice and had not competed in other than a point-to-point for two years, rode a splendid race and richly deserved his victory. Now that he has won this much-coveted trophy his friends hope that he will retire from race riding as the injury to his neck from his last bad fall was serious, and he rode at the Grand Military Meeting contrary to medical advice. The other Service race on the programme that afternoon was the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase which Major Guy Cunard won on his Nigger Minstrel, with Major E. W. O'F. Wilson second on River Buoy and Mr. H. M. Gosling third on Major H. P. Rushton's General Ripple.

On the second day Capt. David Gibson of the Welsh Guards, who won the Gold Cup three times on his own horse Klaxton, rode splendidly to win the Past and Present Handicap Steeplechase on Mr. Peter Thrale's Dorodon, with Mr. P. B. Browne, of the Royals, second on his own horse Knuckleduster, and Mr. Gay Kindersley third on Mr. Stanhope Joel's Ship's Log.

In the final event of the meeting, the Grand Military Hunters Steeplechase, there were fourteen starters. After a certain amount of grief only five finished and the race was won by Moonlight III ridden by his owner, Major T. C. Palmer of the Royal Artillery, with Lt.-Col. Raoul Robin of the Scots Guards second on his Cronan and Lt.-Col. W. R. Holman third on Mr. P. L. Cryser's bay mare Delta II. Others riding included Lt.-Col. T.

(Continued on page 535)

## Social Journal

## Jennifer

# The Season Starts With Curtsies

FOR many young girls this week will be one of the most exciting of their lives, for this afternoon (March 24) and tomorrow afternoon the Presentation Parties are arranged to take place at Buckingham Palace. As the Queen is away on the Commonwealth tour, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is taking her place, and it is before her that the débutantes will line up to make their curtsies in the ballroom of the Palace.

Today's procedure is much easier than that of prewar days, when for the evening Courts débutantes had to wear long dresses with a train, and ostrich feathers on their head—often balanced rather precariously. Now, with the less formal parties, a short silk afternoon dress and small spring hat is usually chosen.

Among the girls making their curtsy this week is Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, whose mother the Countess of Dunraven and Mount-Earl is

coming over from Ireland to present her. Incidentally, the date of the dance which Lady Dunraven is giving at Petworth House this summer for Caroline and her elder girl, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, who came out last year, has been changed from July 9 to July 2. Lady Child is presenting her younger daughter Diana, Mrs. Brocas Burrows her daughter Jennifer and Mrs. C. D. Blackett is coming down from Northumberland bringing her daughter Caroline, a very pretty girl. She is having her coming out dance on August 14 at her grandfather, Sir Hugh Blackett's, lovely home Matfen Hall, Northumberland.

Other débutantes being presented this week include the Hon. Susan James, daughter of Lady Northbourne, Miss Dinah Hartley, daughter of Mrs. Lister Hartley, Miss Carolyn Barclay, daughter of Mrs. Anthony Barclay, and Miss Angela Birnie, daughter of Lady Kathleen Birnie.

While writing about débutantes, I have just heard of one who is travelling a long way in order to



Pearl Freeman

MISS ANNA CASEY is the eldest daughter of Col. and the Hon. Mrs. A. S. Casey, Market Overton, Oakham, Rutland. She is the granddaughter of Viscount Monsell and Sybil Viscountess Monsell



## HUNTERS GAVE OF BEST AT OLD BERKS MEETING

A SHARP wind across the downs whipped the blood of horses and riders alike at the Old Berkshire point-to-point at Lockinge, and some excellent 'chasing was seen by the many spectators who braved the cold. The five races were run over a rectangular course with a very stiff dose of fences, faced with which the hunters gave an excellent account of themselves



*A considerable number of young people were there, keenly interested in the proceedings. Here Mrs. T. E. Learmond and her children, Susan and Nigel, with Miss J. Hankey were on their way to the course*



*Miss Ann Barton, a follower of the North Warwick, was discussing a promising runner with her cousin, Miss Margaret Barton*



*The judges, Sir James Walker, Bt., and Mr. D. Crevdson, were getting ready to decide a close finish*



*Mr. R. J. Colling, one of the starters, and an acting steward, outside the secretary's tent with Mr. Tom Egerton*



*Lady Walker, wife of Sir James, chatting to Mr. Keith Cameron, who rode into third place in the Adjacent Hunts race*

*Even racing could not tempt Charles, son of Capt. and Mrs. John Puxley, from the investigation of a fascinating shooting-stick*

Morris





LADY OGILVY is here with her six-month-old daughter, who was recently christened Doune Mabell. She married Lord Ogilvy, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Airlie, in 1952, being then Miss Virginia Ryan, of Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A. The godparents at the baby's christening were her father, Mr. J. B. Ryan, Major John Macdonald-Buchanan, Mrs. Richard Storey and Lady Margaret Tennant

Lemare

### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## The C.I.G.S. Was At Sandown

Bulkeley, Major J. I. Medlicott, Lt.-Col. H. T. Alexander, Major G. Wheeler and Major A. F. Stallard.

The C.I.G.S., Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, just back from his official visit to the Middle and Far East, was one of the stewards for the Service races. Others acting as stewards at the meeting were General Sir Richard McCreery, who deputized for Major-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden who had to be away on official duties in the Middle East, Major Stirling Stuart, Mr. John Rogerson and Major-Gen. John Combe.

ON the second day it was bitterly cold and everyone was well wrapped up, while the excellent hot meal provided in the luncheon rooms before racing was much appreciated. Enjoying this were Major Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Capt. and Mrs. Miles Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. "Lobby" Villars and the Hon. Luke and Lady Mary White. Her parents, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, had brought off a family racing double at Windsor two days previously when Lord Cottenham's Donaghmore won the Weir Handicap Hurdle and his wife's Valley Field, starting at 25-1, won the Curfew Novices Steeplechase.

Among the very big attendance were Cdr. Ronald Scott-Miller, M.P., and his wife, who came over from Latimer with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Kay Edden, after a dance the previous night at the Joint Services Staff College, of which Admiral Edden is the Commandant. Cdr. Scott-Miller was enjoying a well earned Saturday afternoon's relaxation from his political duties. Recently he has been kept exceptionally busy, as he is not only P.P.S. to Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, but also temporarily to Mr. "Rab" Butler, as the Chancellor's regular P.P.S., Mr. Hubert Ashton, is ill.

Others I met had been dancing on the Friday night at Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid's home, Somerhill, in Kent, which they lent for a dance to raise funds for two local hunts, the Eridge and the West Kent. The Earl of Lewes, who was racing, had been to the dance, also Capt. and Mrs. Charles Radcliffe who had stayed with Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gazelet, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Barclay, who were guests of Major and Mrs. Edward Paget at an excellent party which was like everything run by Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, superbly done.

The Earl and Countess of Normanton, the latter

very chic in a mink coat and little green hat, were racing, also Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lady Gibson, wife of Sir Kenneth Gibson, who is the very efficient clerk of the course at Sandown, Major and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley, and Lord and Lady Mancroft, who cleverly picked the 20-1 winner of the Imperial Cup out of a field of twenty-six. They were having a warming drink with Mr. and Mrs. Nathanson. I saw Sir Gordon Munro watching the racing from the "Members," also the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, Lord and Lady Pender, Miss Jean Harrap, Major and Mrs. John Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foster, who had Lord and Lady Chesham staying with them, and Col. and Mrs. Guy Westmacott, who had a runner at the meeting.

Pictures of the Grand Military Meeting will be found on pages 546-7.

★ ★ ★

THE Portuguese Embassy in Belgrave Square makes a fine setting for any party. Perhaps the cleverest parts of the décor are the mirrored walls of the entrance hall and the staircase, which are most impressive, not only adding light to the staircase but also giving the effect of great space. These stairs were soon crowded with guests, many of them members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament, who came to the first reception given by Senhor Pedro Pereira, the Portuguese Ambassador. Although His Excellency has only been here since the end of October, he has already made many friends with his great charm and friendly manner.

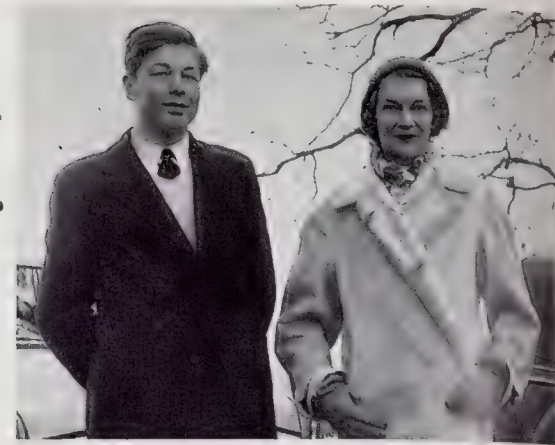
With him receiving the guests stood his two pretty and vivacious daughters. The elder one Madeleine, who is dark, wore a very chic black faille cocktail

(Continued overleaf)





On a parapet much coveted as a viewpoint were standing J. M. Rewid, R. L. Phillips, A. B. Neame, D. A. Sayer, A. G. Stavert, J. P. Lemmon and T. D. Wilson-Smith



W. E. Rous had come down to the car park to meet and escort his mother, Mrs. Michael Barclay, to the events

### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## Augustus John Spoke Of His Pictures

dress, while her younger sister Clara, who has blonde curly hair, was in white. Like their father they had a cheerful word for everyone and a remarkable aptitude for recognizing faces. The Ambassador's wife is unfortunately ill in Portugal and has not been able to accompany her husband to London, so these two young girls are deputizing for their mother and carrying out their duties with great efficiency.

Among members of the Diplomatic Corps present were the Doyen, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, who were in evening dress, the latter wearing a jet trimmed velvet top to her gown. The Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, who are perhaps the nearest neighbours to their host as the Austrian Embassy is only a few doors away in Belgrave Square, were also there, as were the Icelandic Minister, the Lebanese Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador and the Spanish Ambassador, who had returned from a visit to his own country a few days previously. Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones were chatting with the Earl and Countess of Selkirk (who were on their way to the preview of a new play in aid of U.N.A.) and Major and Mrs. Barclay. He is liaison officer for all the foreign Military Attachés in London, a most interesting appointment.

ME. HÄGGLÖF, the lovely wife of the Swedish Ambassador, was another in evening dress, as she had an early engagement and was off to Paris next day for a week. Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., in his usual good spirits, was receiving congratulations on the birth of another grandchild, the second son of Major Clive and Lady Barbara Bossom. Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, Sir Lionel and Lady Heald and Sir Gerald and Lady Kelly were a few of the other guests, many of whom were admiring the clever floral decorations. One small display in the drawing-room came in for special admiration. Arranged in a white vase were white tulips and narcissi and with them were a ripe lemon, a broccoli leaf and two or three brussels sprouts. Together they made a charming picture.

ONE of the most colourful personalities among present-day artists, Mr. Augustus John, O.M., R.A., was walking around the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy greeting friends who had come to see the exhibition of his works. He was in tremendous form and frequently stopped to reminisce on incidents connected with the various



MISS CAROLYN BARCLAY is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Barclay, of Broad Oak End, Hertfordshire; and is being presented at one of this month's Court parties

works. This is one of the most stimulating exhibitions of contemporary art we have had for a long while, and most people will probably wish to visit it many times, for Augustus John has been drawing and painting for over fifty years and has poured out works, to quote the President of the Royal Academy Sir Gerald Kelly, "of surpassing quality and beauty."

It is owing to the kindness and generosity of eighteen public galleries and about 130 private owners that this exhibition has been made possible, and the hanging committee has done a masterly job and arranged and grouped the drawings and paintings superbly. It consisted of Sir Gerald Kelly, Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A., Mr. John Wheatley and Mr. Edward Le Bas, who was recently elected an R.A. He has lent two of his pictures by John to the exhibition, and I saw him taking his sister, Mrs. Brocas Burrows, round the galleries and having a word with the artist.

NEARLY five hundred works are on view, including seven pieces of sculpture. There is a bronze bust of the artist's daughter Poppet, who is now Mrs. Pol, and who had come back from the South of France, where she and her husband make their home, for her father's exhibition. Another bronze bust was of the Hon. Mrs. George Marten, who was going round the galleries with her husband. They have lent the oil painting of the Marchesa Casati, wearing a green velvet jacket, which Augustus John painted in 1919.

In the same gallery there are two portraits of Iris Tree painted about the same time, one lent by the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art in Dublin and the other by Mrs. Cazalet Keir, who altogether has lent twenty-eight works to the show, including some exquisite flower pictures, of which she has a fine collection. Augustus John paints flowers as well as he does portraits or landscapes, and I was told by a friend who had been to his studio at his home at Fordingbridge, Hampshire, that he has several unfinished flower pictures there. To a visitor who asked why he had not completed them, he replied "Oh, the flowers died."

Among others I saw looking at the pictures were Lady John Hope, Lady Rose McLaren, Lady Stewart-Menzies, Viscount Boyle and Viscount and Viscountess Waverley whom I met admiring John's exquisite oil painting "Dorella at St. Chamuse," which has been lent by Mrs. C. Kleinwort and is one of the gems of the show.

★ ★ ★

MANY fireworks were said at the cocktail party which Mrs. Geoffrey Sherston gave for her son, Mr. Jack Sherston, who is in the Grenadier Guards, to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, as the Regiment was due to go to the





Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Minister of Defence, and Countess Alexander were most welcome visitors. They were here with their two sons, Lord Rideau and the Hon. Brian Alexander



Going off to watch Harrow's own football game were Miss A. Kirby, Capt. G. Coles, Robert Coles, Michael Stocker and Mrs. G. Coles

Canal Zone a few days later. The party, which was mostly comprised of his young contemporaries, with a few older relations and friends of the family, took place in the Blue Room of the Lansdowne Club, and among those who came to wish Jack Sherston a happy birthday and good luck overseas were Sir Richard and Lady Pease, who, like Lady Serena James who was also at the party, are neighbours of Mrs. Sherston in Yorkshire.

His aunt, Lady Barber, was in great form and helping to look after the guests but her husband, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber, could not leave his official duties in Edinburgh to come to the party. They had only recently returned from a brief holiday in Monte Carlo which, Lady Barber told me, was the greatest fun. Cdr. and Mrs. Handcock brought their daughter Deirdre, Lady Milburn was flown from Northumberland, and I met Major Arthur James, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. John Batten, who have just moved to a new home near Ascot.

YOUNGER guests included brother officers of the young host, including Capt. Dick de la Hay, Lord Colville, Mr. Mark Jeffreys, Mr. Anthony Savile, Mr. Christopher Keeling and Mr. Bernard Gordon-Lennox. Mr. Edward Hulse, who is in the Scots Guards, was there, also Mr. Adrian Arthur of the Rifle Brigade, Mr. Christopher Willoughby, who is in the Coldstream Guards, and Capt. Robin Stormonth-Darling of the 9th Lancers.

Among the young girls enjoying this party were Miss Rosemary Parker, Miss Valerie Lawson, Miss Belinda Gouldsmith, Miss Anthea Vaux, Miss Ann Mundy, Miss Jane Stockdale, who was talking to Mr. William Weatherall, and Miss Ann Barber, who I saw was talking with the host's cousins, Mr. Robin Barrett and Mr. Tommy Jowett. Mr. Sherston's charming half-sister, Mrs. de Graaf Sherston, had flown over from her home in Holland especially for the party, but his two sisters, who are both married to serving officers, were too far away to come. The elder, Mrs. Whitcombe, wife of Major John Whitcombe of the Highland Light Infantry, is with her husband in the Canal Zone, and his younger sister Mrs. Mike Palmer, a bride last autumn, is in Tripoli with her husband who is Adjutant of the 14th/20th Hussars.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE the critics and regular first nighters had a chance to see *I Am A Camera*, by John Van Druten, at the New Theatre, many members of the public had already seen it, for there were three London previews in aid of charity. H.H. Princess Marie Louise, wearing a sable trimmed white ermine wrap over her evening dress, saw the play from a box at the second preview, which was in aid of the Richard Cusden Homes, the Wandsworth Borough (Old People's Homes) Housing Society, of which the Princess is the President. These homes are a godsend to many who, when

over sixty-five years of age, find it hard to go on working, but owing to the steady increase in the cost of living have not been able to put by sufficient money to safeguard their old age.

Among the audience supporting this good cause were Sir Terence Nugent, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's office, who, with Lady Nugent, was sitting in the stalls.

The previous evening the theatre was also packed to see the play, which John Van Druten, who directs, has adapted from a story written by Christopher Isherwood of Berlin around 1930. This time the performance was in aid of funds for the United Nations Association and was well supported by members of the Diplomatic Corps including Their Excellencies the Ambassadors for Brazil and Thailand, the Libyan Minister and the Minister for the Philippines.

The Duchess of Marlborough, president of the Preview Committee, was there, also Dame Kathleen Courtney, who with Dr. Gilbert Murray is co-president of the United Nations Association, and Mr. Carlton Winchester, chairman of the Preview Committee, who gave a magnificent lucky programme prize in the form of a first-class trip on one of the American shipping lines. It was won by Lady (Elena) Bennett.

Also present were Lady Cynthia Asquith, who found on arrival that she had lost her ticket, Lady Megan Lloyd George, who was chatting in one of the intervals with Maj.-Gen. L. O. Lyne, chairman of the Executive Committee of U.N.A., Lord and Lady Ogilvy, Lady Campbell-Orde, Lady Grimston, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, who had come up from her home at Ferring, and the Earl and Countess of Selkirk, who as I have mentioned before, had come on from the Portuguese Ambassador's party.

★ ★ ★

THE Annual Bridge Party in aid of the British Sailors Society will be held at the May Fair Hotel on Tuesday, March 30. Lady Bullock and Mrs. Norman Woodruffe are joint chairmen of the Bridge Sub-committee, and Lady Ogilvy is going to present the prizes. Others helping to organize the party, which is to raise funds to help look after the welfare of seamen in ports all over the world, are Lady Henderson, Lady (Charles) Russell, Mrs. Maurice Fitzgerald and Lady Holmes. Tickets and tables may be obtained from Miss Betty Nisbet, 203 Knightsbridge, S.W.7.

★ ★ ★

CAPTAIN AND MRS. JACK BRITAIN-JONES are once again lending their home, Friz Hill House, Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, for the Warwickshire Hunt point-to-point dance on April 2. The actual point-to-point does not take place until a week later, April 10, when it is to be run over a course at North Newington.



John Cleeve and Miss M. Cleeve were much enjoying the day, despite the cold



Following a tense sequence in the game were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fox, who were sitting with their son Julian





*The beagles search enthusiastically for a hare on the hillside of the valley, while joint-Master R. W. B. Massingberd-Mundy prepares to blow the horn*

## MARLBOROUGH'S BEAGLES OUT IN THE OG VALLEY

THE Marlborough College Beagles, established only two years ago, had a following of more than fifty when they went out recently for an afternoon's sport in the nearby Og Valley. The pack, the first in the history of the College, is run by a committee of waiters and boys. It now comprises 11½ couples, of which five were given by an old boy of the College, Lord Glenarthur, last June



*The meet was "in Court"—i.e. within the college precincts, which the Beagles are seen leaving. Leading are the joint-Masters, J. M. Tisdall and R. W. B. Massingberd-Mundy, with hon. sec. R. A. C. Quicke. Behind are whips J. S. B. Woolley, R. P. D. Gordon, J. A. C. Gairdner and M. Gravina*





Watching the first hare of the day being sought out were Mr. B. H. Tisdall, Miss Sonia Laver, Miss Valerie Scott, Miss Rosalind Scott and Dr. T. Hunter, the college doctor



G. N. Mobbs, one of the whips, shows two of the younger hounds, Rapture and Royalty, who were sent to the pack with their mother by Lord Glenarthur

## AT THE RACES

# The Stoutest Can Fall

• Sabretache •

SINCE Cheltenham will not have any effect upon what is going to happen in this year's Grand National I should skip this in the ordinary course of events, but as there was so little time and space to say very much last week, and as I did have a telephone message from the course immediately after the big race, it seems rather a pity to miss it.

The gist of my friend's message was this, that Galloway Braes could not have missed it if he had stood up.

That is the way it goes with steeplechases, for the one thing that this horse was *not* expected to do was to fall. My old playfellow, for whom incidentally I used to ride a few winners, said that he was flabbergasted when he saw this horse come down four fences from home. Shortly after it, Mont Tremblant moved up to deliver his "challenge" which however fizzled out. Yet without wishing to debunk the good performance of the winner, Four Ten, it may be a mistake to imagine that in him we saw a future Grand National winner.

WHEN Galloway Braes fell, Mariner's Log and Four Ten were in fairly close attendance, but neither of them were going as well as the horse that fell. Galloway Braes had been striding over them making not the semblance of a mistake, and it was quite right on the part of his jockey not to steady him. My friend says that he would have come home all right because there was nothing looking at all dangerous.

It is by now rather fruitless to discuss what he would have done if he had run in the National, but I still believe that the fences would not have stopped him. That is a very bold thing to say, but I am sure that it is true. Being very lame in a hind leg I could not accept my old crony's kind invitation to stay "for the meeting!"

THE only surprise about the Grand National acceptances, in my opinion, is that two particular horses have done so, one, the Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu, who has been running very moderately recently, and the other Mont Tremblant, whose performance in the Gold Cup was not exactly encouraging, for he was well beaten; but I see that the stable jockey is on his back in preference to Miss Paget's other one, Legal Joy.

I do not believe Mont Tremblant will win this year's National, and if I had my pick of the two I should prefer the other one.

What is going to win, Heaven alone knows, but I do not like horses that make a noise, such as Coneyburrow. Royal Tan, who has already been placed in this race, might easily be the best bet. At the same time I do not think we ought to forget the outsider Ordnance, for at one period in last year's race he had a lead of over ten lengths and it was obvious that he was captain of the ship. He is a good jumper and I do not think there should be any doubt about his staying. However, everything is absolutely on the knees of the gods where this race is concerned.







TOAST OF THE NATIONS. Sally Bowles, the vagrant Lancashire lass in search of excitement in Berlin (Dorothy Tutin), is toasted in three languages by Christopher Isherwood (Michael Gwynn), Clive Mortimer (Hugh McDermott) and Fritz Wendel (Robert Cartland)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations  
by Emmwood

## At the Theatre

### "I Am A Camera" (New Theatre)

READERS of Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye To Berlin* retain a singularly vivid memory of Sally Bowles; and inevitably she has found her way to the stage, not without some loss of vividness.

The Sally of the book drifts from bar to bar and from man to man with unaffected enjoyment of all the dubious excitements that come her way. She has no morals and a pathological horror of discipline. It is her ingenuous hope that the experience of life she is gaining or perhaps the large-heartedness of a wealthy lover will some day miraculously transfer her from an occasional night club singer into an actress with the world at her feet. She does not really think that this will happen, but the hope that it will springs from some inner buoyancy of spirit, which makes her different from other women of her sort.

It invests her personality with a curious charm for an observer who is detached enough not to be in love with her and wants her to be none of the things which she is not.

She is, of course, only one of those charmingly unreal people who can be made to seem startlingly real if they are given the apt literary treatment. Mr. Isherwood's lightly persuasive touches and calculated reticences do in fact give the reader the impression that Sally can positively wallow in pitch without being defiled. The pitch is real; but so, too, is her saving grace, a rare quality of enchantingly childlike simplicity which her lies and pretences, her cheap promiscuousness and her truly dreadful taste cannot wholly subdue.

THIS Sally seen in the round can scarcely help becoming a slightly different person. Mr. John van Druten has handled the difficult job of adaptation skilfully, and it is much to his credit that a story which has only one real character and few incidents that shape themselves easily into dramatic events should yet gain a reasonably firm foothold on the stage. The heroine is shown shocking or fascinating by the casualness of her wickedly racy talk. An inconvenient baby is not given the chance to be born, and it appears that her maternal instincts have been mildly affronted. She hopes to go round the world with a wild American millionaire, but the playboy leaves her flat.

Her mother comes to Berlin to take her daughter back

to her respectable middle-class Lancashire family, but Sally leaves her mother flat and so we leave her drifting enjoyably along to what we suppose will be certain disaster. And for all Mr. van Druten's resourcefulness the stage story becomes, as it progresses, less and less the picking out of the salient characteristic of an oddly appealing little creature and more and more the sentimentalization of a loose woman.

FOR this declension the adapter is not altogether to blame. Still less is Mr. Michael Gwynn. As the man who passively observes with affectionate and understanding eyes the instinctive attitudes of his companion he is quite real, and it is his performance which keeps the rather fragile story totally steady on its pins. The chief responsibility for what goes wrong must, I am afraid, be carried by Miss Dorothy Tutin. This delightful young actress finds herself much less well suited to her second big part than to the heroine of *The Living Room* in which she gained a deserved success. She renders the childlike simplicity of Sally with all possible charm and ease, but the essential coarseness of the child's taste, her deeply sensual nature, is nowhere suggested in the performance.

We simply cannot believe that she is living the life that she is supposed to be living. While we should be thinking that her depravity is mysteriously redeemed by some quality of spiritual integrity we are thinking instead that this is a rather sweet child pretending to a sophistication which she has not yet happened to acquire. Still the performance's superficial charm is considerable and perhaps the play will make do with it. The rest of the acting is not more than adequate.

MISS MARIANNE DEEMING satisfactorily turns the German landlady into a sonsie Scotswoman with a touch of Teutonic hysteria; Miss Everley Gregg is amusing as Sally's embarrassed mother; but Mr. Robert Cartland gives only a colourless impression of the charmer whose confidence in himself is readily shaken by the secret knowledge that he is a Jew living in Nazi Berlin and Mr. Hugh McDermott, as the crass and hearty playboy, comes perilously close to parody.



TEUTONIC, with a touch of Scots, is Fräulein Schneider (Marianne Deeming)





Vivienne

**SARAH CHURCHILL**, second daughter of the Prime Minister, who has successfully made a theatrical career for herself, is shortly returning to Britain for a time from New York, where she does her own television programme every Sunday. She is to star in a film series which her husband, Anthony Beauchamp, is making here for the U.S.A., based on real stories from the memoirs of Inspector Fabian, of Scotland Yard

## London Linelight



Beryl Reid terrifies Nicholas Parsons with a catapult in the Watergate Revue

## Scots Festival Overture

THE Edinburgh Festival authorities not unnaturally like to provide an entertainment which remains exclusive to the Northern capital. Nevertheless, two or three of the bigger fish seem likely to escape ultimately from their net and come South. Of these, Thornton Wilder's new farce, *The Matchmaker*, is a fair bet, for it will feature Sam Levene, now in *Guys and Dolls*, and the cast includes Eileen Herlie and Ruth Gordon. The Old Vic's production by Michael Benthall of *Macbeth* is another, but it will not be seen in London on an apron stage.

But to see the major offering the playgoer must go to Scotland, or later to America. This is *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which stars Moira Shearer, actress and ballerina, as Titania, supported by Robert Helpmann, Stanley Holloway ("Bless thee, Ramsbottom, thou art translated") and a large *corps de ballet*. T. S. Eliot is represented by Alan Rawsthorne's work, *Practical Cats*, very intelligently commissioned by the Edinburgh Festival Society.

EDINBURGH has been celebrating, too, the return of the Wilson Barrett company, which is easily the best of the Northern Reps. The occasion was, say the experts, like a family reunion. Southerners may read all about this remarkable venture, which began at the King's Theatre, Hammer-smith, before the war, in *On Stage for Notes* (Blackwood; 18s.), Barrett's own account of his enterprise. It is a breathless, first-hand story of hard work, loyalty, adventure and all the standard but unfailing attractions of the profession. There is no need to accept all Mr. Barrett's conclusions about the virtues of rep., but it is an excellent thing for the stage, indeed a vital one, that many actors do so.

"FIRST EDITION," the latest late review, now to be seen at the Watergate, is an up-to-the-moment affair in every aspect except that of tradition. The outstanding talent is presented by Beryl Reid, well known as a horrible school-girl of Television, and the best of the wit is from the pens of Diana Morgan and Robert MacDermot. The entertainment is a bright little "never-a-dull-moment" frolic by half-a-dozen clever people, all of whom get a chance to do their party-pieces with relish.

Nicholas Parsons, for example, has made a study of the idiosyncrasies of laughter which has probably taken a long time to perfect and delighted many a dinner table in the process. How admirable that it should appear now in all its polished maturity. The menu of the evening is *hors d'œuvre, sorbet* and savoury carefully rotated to provide the digestive faculties with the minimum of trouble.

—Youngman Carter





Reeves

BEAT FOPP, winner of the 1954 Parsenn-Derby in record time, is seen rocketing through the air on the slopes of the Weissfluh mountain shortly after the start. This renowned skiing event at Davos was founded by the Englishman F. W. Edlin in 1924, and is open to skiers of all nations. It is run over a seven-mile course



O'Brien

THE BLACKWATER, in Fermoy, Co. Cork, is currently affording some excellent salmon fishing. Col. and Mrs. J. Price-Wood are seen near a stretch of the river at Careysville with a portion of their catch

## Talk Around the Town

THREE weeks more and there will be the usual talk of the "Easter Parade" as if it still really existed in London, and was not just a nostalgic fancy, a re-import—by way of song and story—from Fifth Avenue.

One may wonder how many who used to parade around and about the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, on Sunday noons during the Season, had really been to church in the morning.

There are not many close by: St. Paul's, in Knightsbridge, St. Mark's, of North Audley Street, and Farm Street's Jesuit Church (which still has at least a parade of cars on Sunday): these three were modern churches. Then there was the lovely Grosvenor Chapel, with St. George's, by Hanover Square, and the finest of them all—St. James's, in Piccadilly.

Bombed St. James's will soon be opened again.

For many weeks past its tall windows

have revealed at night an illuminated prospect of a cerulean blue ceiling, and one early dusk this month I found my way inside.

A carpenter was working at his bench before the altar. The floor was thick with shavings. In this bright blue, brown-and-gold setting it might have been a group waiting to be painted by a pre-Raphaelite—in fact, I think that either Millais or Holman Hunt put something very much like it on to canvas.

WHAT was most pleasant in St. James's was the sight of so many workmen busily engaged in a task worthier than the erection of a new Government office, or the redecoration of a cinema or restaurant.

This church is Wren at his most typical, even to the tower that has been leaning over westwards for nearly 300 years without falling down. The woodwork was Grinling Gibbons, and the two men combined to give London one of its most exquisite interiors.



As far as the layman's eye can see at this stage a superb reconstruction has taken place.

One wonders whether the outside pulpit will ever again be filled: is there a preacher whose voice could thunder above the turmoil of Piccadilly? Perhaps the age of vocal preaching has passed.

But one of the finest of England's preachers of this century would have made a poor pulpit impression in any age.

Dr. Inge was never in love with the spoken sermon.

THAT Dr. Inge should go to his grave still being headlined as "The Gloomy Dean" is a comment on the adhesiveness of a popular label.

But who first called him "The Gloomy Dean"? No one seems to know, although the most likely story is that years ago the News Editor of the *Daily Mail* once referred to him in his nightly schedule as "The Gloomy Dean said in a sermon . . .", and a headline writer then employed that tag. (It was the late Charles Hands who once wrote a story about the Central London Railway and referred to the "Tuppenny Tube," to have this one phrase headlined, and become part of the language.)

Dr. Inge was far from gloomy to talk to, and less so to read. The trouble was that he did look so gloomy! With the beetle-black uniform of a Dean he was a familiar sight walking in Fleet Street, his features rather pinched, eyes twitching and his walk seeming to be impeded by his gaiters.

So it is likely that a Fleet Street man might, indeed, casually give him this tag.

★ ★ ★

ONE may sympathise with Mr. Augustus John's expressed doubts over some of the pictures said to be his own at the R.A.'s fine showing of his work.

It is as much the number of pictures he has painted in over fifty years as the versatility displayed that bewilders.

"Did I do that . . . and when . . . but why?" one can imagine him wondering.

Mastery of no medium seems to be denied him: lithograph, pen and wash, oil on panels, chalk, sculpture, in an amazing variety of styles which are yet always John.

He may well find himself docketed in the art history of the first half of this century as the most venturesome of the painters. Did he not take up flower painting just before the war?

I think most people will find the greatest

## SPRING SUIT

Crumpets and toast I ate before  
the fire, exact their toll,  
And my reflection is, alas,  
no tonic to the soul.

My winter figure I'll disguise  
by suitable designs.  
But O that I could, Monroe-like,  
thrill with unspoken lines.

—Lorna Wood

enjoyment (because much of this work is relatively unfamiliar) in the water-colours and drawings done when he was a young family man. How I envy the owners of "The Bathers" (291), a seashore group done fifty years ago, with poetry in every line.

The small oils-on-panel glow with rugged colour, and, with the drawings, might well be arranged in a sequence to illustrate John's wandering years, when he spent the winters around and about the Mediterranean's shores.

Martigues, a mistral-swept spot near Marseilles, used to take his fancy. And later I came ashore sometime at Villefranche to find the greater part of the John family (or so it seemed) posed in the sun outside the old Welcome Hotel.

THE John show (it's upstairs in the Diploma Gallery) is not a complete survey of his work. The wonder is that so many pictures have been gathered together as there are now on the walls.

When the idea of paying the unique honour of a Diploma showing to a living artist was first mooted, many doubted if a sufficiently comprehensive collection could ever be rounded up.

For that matter, I doubt if any artist who has been painting for nearer sixty than fifty years could do more than begin to suggest where any but his major works are now. Usually quite a lot can be unearthed in some lumber room off a studio.

John could knock off, on occasion, an oil portrait in an afternoon; indeed, there is one such picture labelled "Painted at Mallord Street in just over three hours on April 1st, 1917." Others have taken him months. Some he never finished at all.

How many pencil sketches on the backs of menus and pieces of paper are treasured

by the people to whom he casually presented them over a café table?

★ ★ ★

A THOUGHTFUL piece of publishing by the Cresset Press put on to reviewers' desks on the eve of the Navy Estimates a modest volume called *The Nation and the Navy*, by Mr. Christopher Lloyd.

Books with similar titles seem to appear regularly at the rate of about a dozen a year, but Mr. Lloyd happens to be the senior lecturer at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and has packed into 266 pages a comprehensive history of his Service.

One might imagine that at this date there is nothing new to be written about the Navy's past, and that is true enough; but happy selection gives an air of freshness to his story.

I did not realise before how close a resemblance there is between the press-ganging of men for the sea (regarded only yesterday as most iniquitous) and our modern methods of conscription. First of all there was a county quota, based on population, and only when this voluntary scheme failed was the shanghai-ing of men put into force.

Moreover, there was an elaborate system of "reserved occupations": seamen in Government employment, watermen of the City of London, fishermen, apprentices, tradesmen and anyone over fifty-five or under eighteen years of age were exempt.

MILLIONS of words—the greater proportion of them German—must have been written about Jutland, but Mr. Lloyd gives a compact story of the last of the big-ship battles in little more than two thousand.

It was Jellicoe's victory, even if Scheer could claim a tactical one in the first part of the battle. Jellicoe was fighting "on an unparalleled scale with weapons which had never been used before in fleet action . . . hampered by bad signalling, inefficient ammunition and faulty naval architecture."

Well, good-bye to all that, as the Lords of the Admiralty may have said as they ordered H.M.S. Vanguard—our last battleship in commission—to be put into "moth-balls" this year.

What a beautiful ship she is! But then, so was H.M.S. Hood, which vanished in one blinding flash through "faulty naval architecture" in the spring of 1941.

—Gordon Beckles



In Knightsbridge, The Guy's Hospital Rugby Club Gave their 110th Ball

Mr. Hedley Atkins, president of the Rugby Club, with Mrs. R. Brain, wife of another surgeon at Guy's

Refreshments for Miss Jean Steadman and Mrs. H. F. J. Willis, who were accompanied by Mr. Wally Howell

Miss Maria Ferreira was escorted by the ball secretary, Mr. David Coppock. The event was at the Hyde Park Hotel





President of the O.U. Athletic Club, Mr. George Villars, and Mr. Pat Daniel, Oxford's high-jump winner, were chatting in an anteroom with Miss Elizabeth Cairns and Miss Marcelle Ryan (right). The ball took place at 6, Stanhope Gate

## ACHILLES BALL CROWNED BATTLE OF THE BLUES

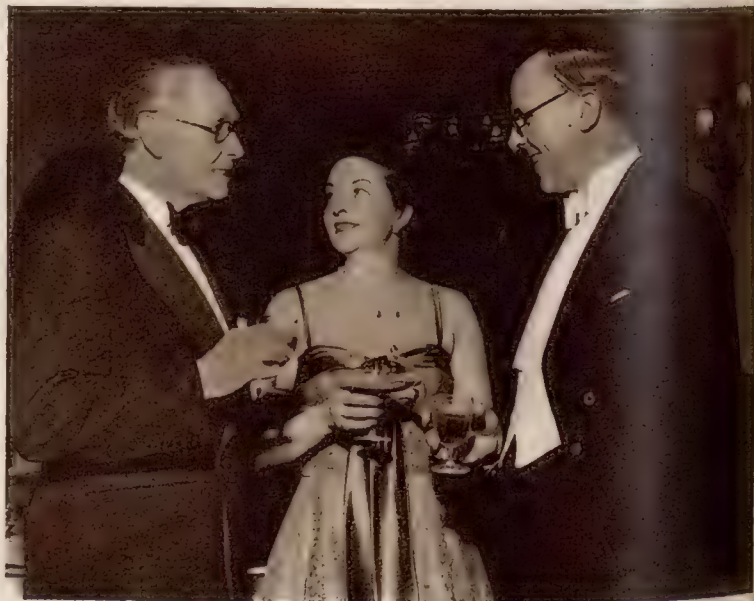
THE athletes of Oxford and Cambridge, in the form of the Achilles Club, gave a most successful ball in the West End after their White City sports meeting in the afternoon, from which Oxford emerged victors. Representatives of both teams were present at the ball, and several former athletic stars were there, renewing acquaintance with team mates of their year



While dancing, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ford caught sight of some friends who had just come in to the ballroom

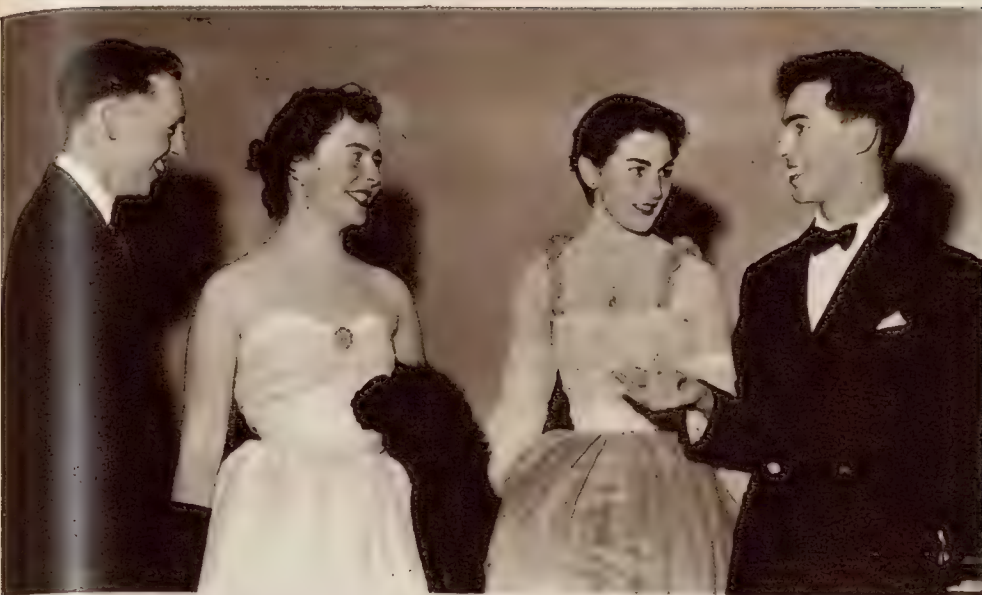


The Achilles Club's much-travelled teddy-bear mascot with its escort: Mr. D. G. Steel, ball secretary, Miss Jacqueline Seaton and Mrs. Steel



The Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker, president and founder-member of the Achilles Club, Mrs. Duncan and Mr. K. S. Duncan, the Club's hon. secretary





Mr. Derek Johnson (right), who won both the half- and quarter-mile for Oxford, was talking over the afternoon with Miss Barbara Delisle, Miss Isabelle Godlewski and Mr. George Dole (Oxford), who won the mile



Enjoying a fox-trot were Miss June Pigou and Mr. Chris Brasher, C.U. Athletic Club president in 1951



This year's president of the C.U.A.C., Mr. Peter Robinson, was waltzing with Miss Ann Warren



Desmond O'Neill

A pleasant alcove on the stairs for sitting out was shared by Mr. John Brasier-Creagh, Miss Janelle Janvrin, Mr. Donal O'Sullivan and Miss Eleanor O'Sullivan



## DINING OUT

### Savouries from Australia

I HAVE often wondered why not one West End restaurant seems to have ventured into the realm of what might crudely be called "Empire" cooking.

You can get German food, mostly highly-seasoned and bulky, and it is true that neither Canada nor Australia pretend to be gourmet's paradises; but both of them have attractive specialities more deserving than Teutonic fare.

Does anyone in this tinned age know what real baked beans are like? They are an after-course in themselves. Pancakes and fritters with maple syrup (not adulterated with corn syrup, please) can be delicious.

This kind of food is served regularly in the West End, but not to the English public. It is confined to the ample tables of the U.S. canteens.

The other evening the Australian Trade Commissioner gave a cocktail party at which several unusual savouries were proffered.

ONE was made of two parts ham minced with one of sultanas, and mixed to a spreading consistency with red wine. They are served hot on croutes.

Another was bread cubes dipped in egg, butter and flavouring, then rolled in grated cheese. Ten minutes in the oven in the croutes.

A third was known as "apple bites." Apple cubes are dipped in cream cheese then rolled in chopped walnuts, and, when dried, are served on toothpicks.

All a bit more venturesome than tired sardines on toast.

There was also talk of such things as shortcakes stuffed with spiced steak. Most of the recipes called for a discreet use of wine. It is quite remarkable how cod, for instance, can be transformed by half a glass of cooking "white."

MY note about the prospect which faces theatregoers—to munch early, or dine too late—has revealed at least one theatre which is trying to do something about it.

The Saville possesses one of the finest bar-foyers in the West End, and they are now throwing this open to ticket-holders half-an-hour before the rise of the curtain and providing a cold buffet.

I think the success of this sort of thing depends upon the nature of the play. A season of Ibsen might induce a different type of hunger to that attracted by a musical comedy. And so on.

Covent Garden provides refreshments, a dainty plate of bits-and-pieces usually. They have risen above this on occasion—for certain Wagner performances. The alternative in most theatres is to slip round the corner to the nearest pub for a sandwich if you feel famished by the second interval

—I. Bickerstaff





*H.M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, presents the Grand Military Gold Cup to Lt.-Col. Blacker, who had ridden a great race against determined opposition and passed the post, with second and third within a length's distance*



*H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who accompanied her mother, was here walking to the paddock to see the entries parade*

## QUEEN MOTHER SAW "GRAND MILITARY"

**I**N Royal weather, with the sun blazing from a blue sky, H.M. the Queen Mother saw one of the most dramatic Grand Military Steeplechases ever run won by Pointsman, although his owner-rider, Lt.-Col. C. H. Blacker, was convalescing from a serious neck injury. The whole meeting contributed a brilliant spectacle for the Royal visitors. Jennifer describes it on pages 533-534



*H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester was smiling with Lady Sybil Phipps at a remark by Capt. C. P. Thompson. The Duke of Gloucester was also at the meeting*



*Major Hugh Rose, Mrs. Phillipi, aunt of Lord Vaughan, and Mrs. Hugh Rose were three more of the large attendance who enjoyed this good meeting*





Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were giving serious consideration to the card for the Four-Year-Old Hurdle



Watching the parade in the paddock were Sir Charles and Lady Danvers Osborn, Lady Honor Llewellyn and Major Rhidian Llewellyn



Major D. H. Featherstonhaugh with the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Hazelrigg, who had come down from Northampton



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laing were on their way to the course in the bright afternoon sunshine



Making their selections were Mr. H. Rosselli and Mrs. H. Thompson Jones, wife of the Newmarket trainer



Going to the starting post for the first race, from a paddock where bare trees made piquant contrast with the summery atmosphere, were Mr. V. Brunt's Luminosity, and the eventual winner, Rockspring, owned by Mr. G. S. Langlands





Frank Thornton

MISS SORAYA RAFAT, a promising young Persian actress, came to England in August 1950, and entered the Sheila Elliott Clarke School of Drama and Dancing at Liverpool, where she studied for two years. Since then she has appeared in the films *The Seekers*, *The Beachcombers* and *Up To His Neck*, in which she has revealed, at twenty years of age, a very effective screen personality

## Priscilla in Paris

# All the Birds Of the Air

IT was a grand day for ornithologists when Mme. Joseph Laniel opened the Third Annual International Bird Show held at the T.W.A. salons on the Champs Elysées; but I cannot bear to think what it must have been for the beautiful, pathetic, fluttering prisoners behind the glittering bars of their far too tiny cages.

I wonder what they thought of Mme. Laniel's beplumed hat and Mme. Georges Bidault's feathered toque; whether they were taken in by the pretty pretence of René Jean-Claude's rustic setting and the decorative foliage of a tree, built entirely of white ostrich-plumes, that towered in the centre of the hall; whether nightfall did not find them half-suffocated by the stifling heat and whether they were not deafened by the noisy human chatter that out-shrieked even the parrots.

Although I have often looked, with rather bored wonder and forced admiration, at

coloured plates portraying gorgeous specimens of bird life from tropical countries—and even the urban *ornis* of our own countries—they have never seemed quite real to me. Too beautiful to be true! To see them at close quarters, however, actually living—one cannot, alas, say “flying”—and bravely trying to sing was, I found, a very moving affair.

FOR one hopeful moment I dreamed of human discomfiture and that was when one of the prettiest of our lovely lovelies offered a piece of sugar to the sea-eagle. The majestic creature was hunched, in sad dignity, on the perch to which it was more or less loosely shackled; its heavy lids lifted in a baleful glare, and the lady's escort barely had time to snatch her away from the sudden dart of its rapacious beak.

It is just as well, for the success of the show, organised to raise funds for the “Little Brothers of the Poor,” that there are not many people so intolerant as I.

The crowd was immense and wisely refrained from being sentimental over the cages. Amongst the interested and admiring onlookers I saw Mme. Gaston Monnerville, Mrs. Gould Minot and Miss Nan Minot, Mme. Pierre de Chevigné, Mme. Guy Nicolas, Mme. du Serre-Telmon, the comtesse de Brantès, the comtesse d'Ussel, Mme. Jean Barreyre and Mrs. Philip Kraft; from the theatre world came Mme. Marguerite Jamois, Mlle. Janine Clarville, Robert Lamoureux (but he left “Pa, Ma and the Maid” at home), Eddie Constantine and Mlle. Edmée Duval. From the Grand Opera: Mme. Germaine Lubin and Germaine Cossini, who looks so young under the silver halo of her soft white hair.

The “Little Brothers of the Poor” are a lay association of young men who devote their spare time to helping poor, lonely and elderly people. Several years ago Armand de Marquiset started the movement. It was not a mere “charity” organisation tied up with red tape and hampered by innumerable rules and regulations, but just a few friends who took the time to go and see any unhappy persons they heard about and bring them what aid they could.

Now it has become an important institution, doing immense good where brotherly love and understanding are needed amongst those people who have never begged and are too proud to complain of their distress.

VISITORS to Paris who remember their pre-1914-war visits to *la Ville Lumière* may like to know that a big cinema on the boulevard des Capucines is reverting to its old policy and is, again, a “Theatre of Varieties”! It was at the Olympia, in the early years of this century, that the “electrics” blazoned forth such names as Harry Fragson, Little Tich, Bagassen, Diavolo (who was the first man to “loop the loop”), Bob Walter, Gaby Deslys (in a revue) and the astonishing quick-change artiste: Fregoli.

Jacques Charles produced the first of his famous spectacular revues there, with such stars as Jane Marnac, Mistinguett, Alice O'Brien, Max Linder, Dorville, Irene and Vernon Castle, and Charles Morton who, later, had such success in London.

IT was there that Paris saw the French version of *The Country Girl*, with Max Daerly; the *Prince of Pilsen*, with Madge Lessing and Fred Wright junior, and *No, No, Nanette*, in which Alice Delysia, playing a small part, had one of her first big successes. She was present at the recent opening night; we met during the *entr'acte* and waxed sentimental over “the dear old days” and old friends. Time seems to have stood still for her, she has changed so little. Indeed, if she had not married into the diplomatic *milieu*...

But “No,” said Alice in reply to my unspoken comment, “I quit when the quitting was good!”

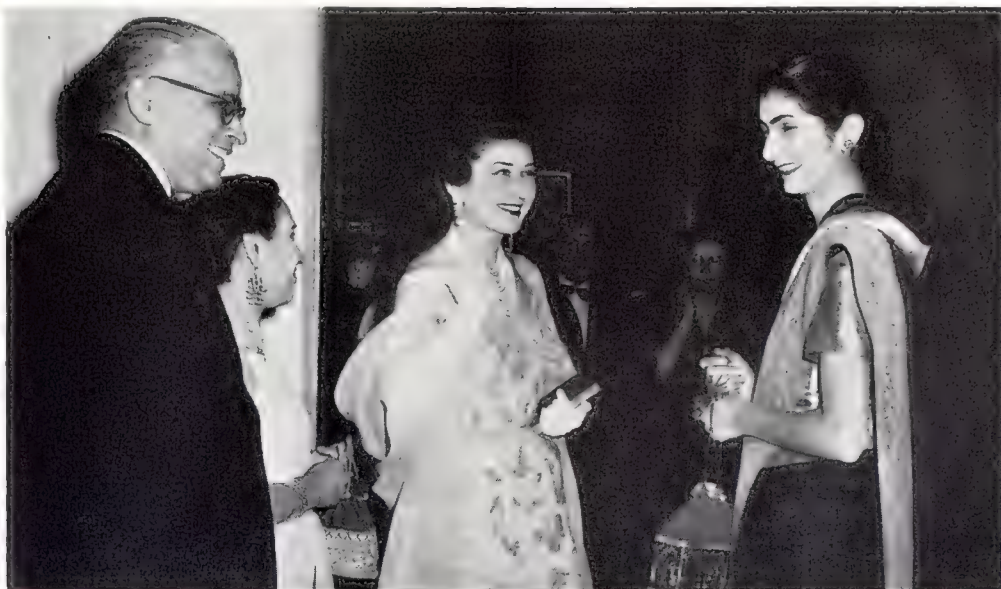
“Vat is zat: queeting?” said Mistinguett, who joined us.

And we spoke of other things.

# Enfin!

● From a dramatic critic's private notes: “Three terrible acts, but two very pleasant intervals.”





*The Pakistani Ambassador, H.E. Mons. Mohammad Ikramullah, and Mme. Ikramullah, were here with Princess Niloufer, granddaughter, of the late Sultan Murad of Turkey, and Miss Ghami, who had just arrived*

## AMBASSADORS GATHERED AT A PARIS RECEPTION

**W**HETHER French governments rise or fall, Paris retains its old prestige as "the capital of diplomacy," as was evident at a recent reception given by the Pakistani Ambassador there. The very brilliant gathering included, besides high-ranking envoys, many representatives of European bodies of which the city has become the chief headquarters



*The hostess engaged in an amusing conversation with the Czechoslovak Ambassador, H.E. Mons. Gustav Soucek*



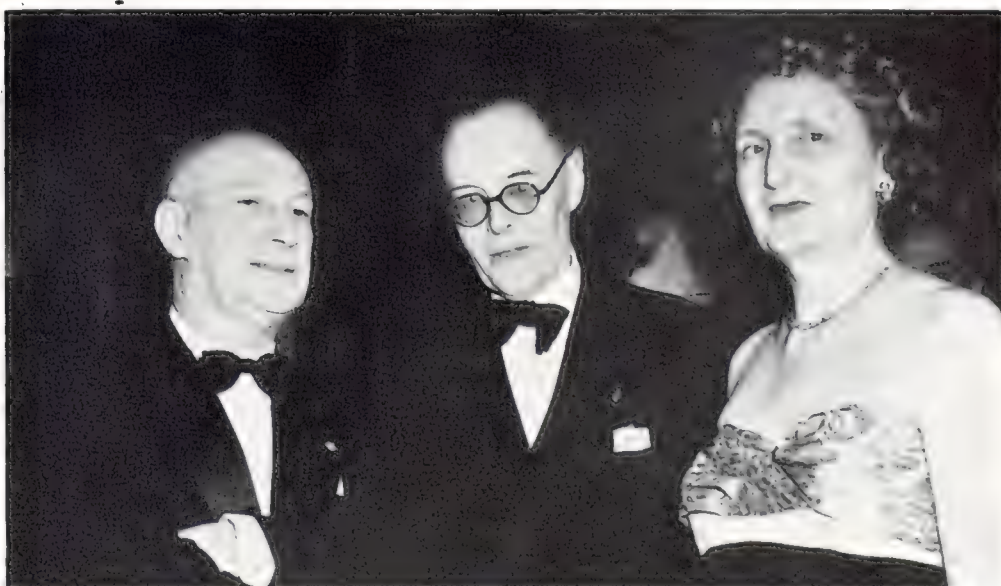
*M. Frangulis, secretary-general of the International Diplomatic Academy, with H.E. Mons. Casa Rojas (Spain)*



*H.E. Mons. Vinogradov (U.S.S.R.), with Mme. de la Chauvinière, wife of the chief of protocol at the Quai d'Orsay*



*H.E. Sirdar Malik, the Indian Ambassador, and Mme. Malik going into the main reception room*



*The Permanent French Representative to the United Nations, M. Alexandre Parodi, with H.E. Sir Oliver Harvey, retiring British Ambassador, and the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld*

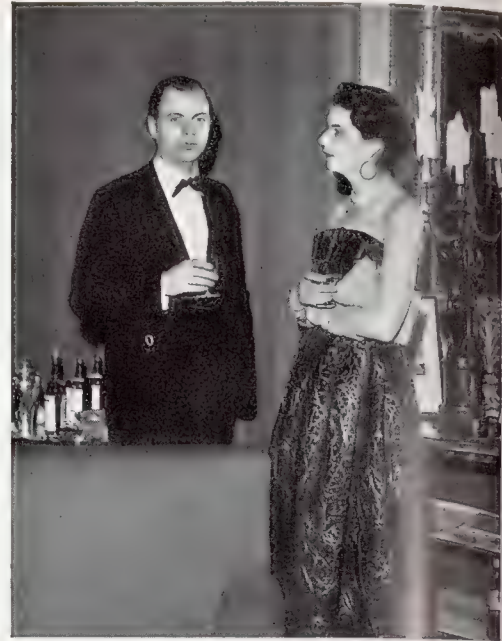




*Under the great mantel with its Roman bust, a quartet were contemplating with pleasure the next phase of the party. They were Mr. Hugh Powell, the Hon. Clare Beckett, daughter of Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. Cowper Coles and Miss Anne Crewdson*

## THE PREMIER BARONET'S SONS GAVE A PARTY IN BUCKS

**M**RS. FRANCIS and Mr. John Dashwood, sons of the Premier Baronet of Great Britain, Sir John Dashwood, entertained their friends to a most successful party at West Wycombe Park, beautiful ancestral home of the family. To complete the evening, their sister, the Hon. Mrs. Morys Bruce, brought a contingent down from town to join them, partake of the midnight supper, and help prolong the festivities into the small hours



*Mr. Ian Farquhar was taking a glass of wine with the hostess, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, daughter-in-law of Lord Aberdeen*



*Mrs. W. Mond was amused by a remark of Mr. Julian Jenkinson as they were dancing a quickstep*



*Mrs. David Grose was having a conversation with Earl Granville with whom she was sitting out*

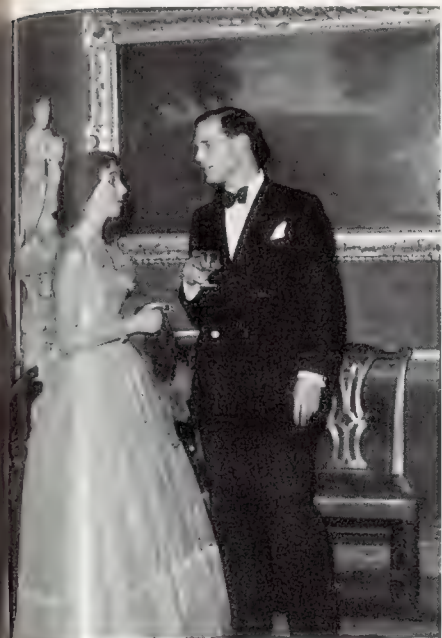


*Enjoying cigarettes before going in to dance again were Miss Pat Cushman and Mr. Peter Rea*



*Miss Fanny Howard was exchanging views with Mr. John Bearman, son-in-law of Viscount Scarsdale*

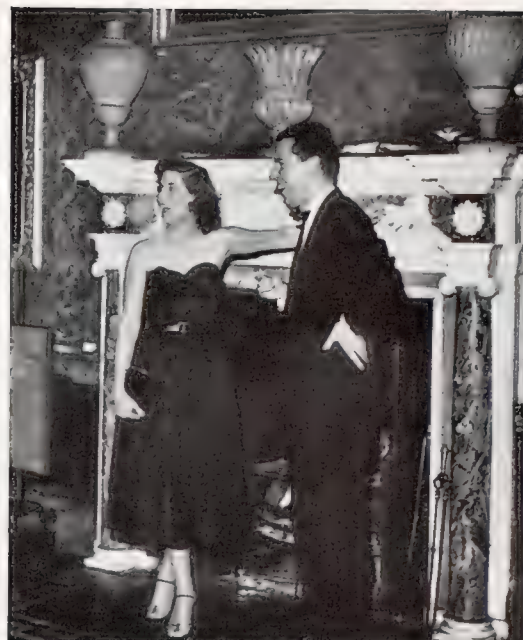




Miss Rosemary Freestone-Barnes was having quiet conversation with Mr. Nigel Pearson



Miss A. M. Fangaert and Mr. David Grose agreed it was one of the best of the pre-season parties



Laughter was a priority. Here Mrs. Ian Farquhar and Mr. Peter Tunnard were greatly amused by an incident in the ballroom



This animated section of the party consisted of (sitting) the Comtesse E. de Crouy-Chanel, Mrs. and Mr. Julian Jenkinson, Mr. John Dashwood, Mr. George Marten and the Hon. Mrs. Marten. Standing: Mr. Francis Dashwood, Lady Rosanagh Crichton, Miss Jennifer Mackintosh, Dr. Hugh Jones, the Comte de Crouy-Chanel, French Minister in London, and Mr. Francis Calor

Swatche





**MASTERS OF SPORT** photographed by **ERIC COOP**

MR. HENRY SEYMOUR ("ATTY") PERSSE is the most famous of the old timers of the Turf. He was born in Co. Galway eighty-four years ago, and after education at Cheltenham College and Oxford became widely known in Britain, Ireland and the Continent as a successful gentleman rider. In 1905 the Jockey Club introduced annual licences for training and "Atty" became a "foundation member" trainer, and won a long succession of important races as well as training one horse that will ever live in the annals of racing—The Tetrarch, which, ridden by Steve Donoghue, was virtually unbackable throughout his career. Many outstanding trainers of a younger generation were pupils of Mr. Persse, and in retirement at his Lambourne, Berkshire, home he maintains a keen interest in the Turf—and still owns a few horses



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

A LOT of that pompous indignation over the smashing of 3,376 pieces of "redundant" crockery by a storeman at Waterloo, by order of British Railways, smells to us (if we may venture the remark in Mrs. Boffin's presence) like plain, stinking jealousy. The railway-boys should have thrown this enthralling crockery festa open to the citizenry, by arrangement with Battersea Fun Fair.

The more subtle delights of smashing glass are, perhaps, as Maurice Baring and Hilaire Belloc suggested, largely a matter of education and cultural background:

Like many of the Upper Class,  
He loved the sound of breaking glass. . . .

Observe nevertheless, chicks, that Britannia's Glass-Smasher-De-Luxe No. 1, the citizen whose stick shattered the priceless Barberini (Portland) Vase into 567 fragments at the British Museum in 1845, was an honest proletarian, W. Lloyd by name. From his name we judge W. Lloyd to have hailed from the Land of Song, which will explain to connoisseurs his musical ear and fine judgment. The Museum people said he was drunk, a stupid and typically Saesneg routine-approach to Celtic sensibility. Obviously W. Lloyd was an artist in sensation and a precursor of Walter Pater. Anyway they put him in the cooler and repaired the Vase, and we must be getting along before the Worshipful Company of Glaziers forces a complimentary dinner-ticket on us.

## Trick

FOOLING kinkajous is not what we call a procedure consonant with the British way of life, and Auntie Times's barely-disguised amusement over a trick now being played on these tiny dumb chums at Bristol seems to us one more indication of the old trot's fundamental cynicism.

The kinkajous of Bristol Zoo, who sleep by day and frisk by night, are having their existence turned upside down, for the benefit of the cash

customers, by the use of artificial moonlight and sunlight reversed. Friends of kinkajous will recognise the official assurance that they are responding "quite happily" as an example of what the French call noggin-stuffing (*bouillage de crâne*), since no small, innocent, sensitive, furry creature can ever gambol happily under the sombre gaze of the citizens of Bristol. We can quote the typical case of a dear little actress in a mink coat who burst into tears while rehearsing at the Theatre Royal. Having viewed the slave-whips at the celebrated tavern called Ye Olde Llandoger Trow, she kept dreaming that the citizens of Bristol, turning atavistic on the opening night, were flogging her and shipping her to Virginia in exchange for a hoghead of rum. Her lustrous eyes were wide with fear. Her fair colleagues soothed her with difficulty. "Even if you were terribly good, darling," they said, "it wouldn't excite the locals all that much."

Kinkajous may not express unreasoning fear so beautifully, but they are equally sensitive to suggestion. For "quite happily," above, read "with nervous vivacity."

## Bulge

CONTEMPLATING a Press-photograph last week of the frozen Bosphorus, and recalling the icy winds which sweep Constantinople in winter and the intense discomfort of the Old Seraglio, it occurred to us that the memsahibs might like (poor sweets) to be reminded that there is a case for the Unseemly Bulge, with which the beauticians and dress-racket boys keep terrifying them.

In the days of the Grand Turk new arrivals posted to the Old Seraglio at this time of year, and shivering on their cushions as hellish gales howled through the marble latticework, would swiftly note—if they had any intelligence—that the 20-stone girls had the best time. Barely a ripple passed through the huge, well-nourished torsos of these sweethearts as they lay round placidly munching nougat. Moreover the 20-stone girls scored heavily when they got on the Chamberlain's list for the Bosphorus high-jump, since bored and listless janissaries soon gave up trying to wedge them into the standard size disposal-sacks, and found substitutes. Any sensible girl new to the Seraglio would therefore lose no time in stuffing herself with luscious pilaffs and rich sweets and pastries till she could write home in triumph to Mums.

## Footnote

ONE can hear Mums proudly telling the neighbours.

"Yes, Baby's just touched 19. Bust 56. I had a letter yesterday. Warm at last, she says."

"How nice."

"Well, it's a big relief. Baby says she can hardly walk—in fact last week she toppled over and fell on a couple of eunuchs and a dwarf."

"What fun."

"Flattened them out. Her Dad hasn't stopped laughing yet."

Cheaper than installing central-heating, observe. And, we think, far more satisfying as a



"There you are—Regency stripes again"

spectacle than the poor little emaciated women one sees tottering round Bond Street.

## Lapse

OUT of a hundred citizens convicted of drunkenness last year at Southend-on-Sea, the Deauville of the East Coast, sixty-two were residents, report the Press boys, rather shocked. Our chief surprise is that the entire population is not permanently plastered, seeing what a loss they still mourn.

When our late regretted James ("Boss") Agate, fired by the spirit of a true conquistador, landed at Southend off a train in pure curiosity in the 1920's, and was received, rather tremulously, by the local *cacique* and tribal head-men with garlands, offerings of winkle-shells, and a chorus of vestals, he had no intention of conferring national fame on the place he had just discovered. Only after the third consecutive weekend did its full beauty, and that of its shy but amiable natives, dawn on him. Henceforth Southend was his principal theme, next to Sarah Bernhardt, and the votive statue on the sea-front to-day (often mistaken for that of Queen Victoria) shows how Southend appreciated it. Under Boss Agate's firm but kindly eye houses replaced huts and the natives gave up fire-water, their only vice. "My simple children," the Boss would say with emotion after dinner at the Café Royal, "will miss me with a passionate despair only conceivable to those who saw Bernhardt in the last act of *Phèdre*." A long quotation from Racine would follow.

At the Critics' Circle there was naturally savage envy among the Boss's inferiors, and if you ask us, the natives' return to fire-water has been encouraged. Never mind by whom. We know some of those types and deem one or two, quite frankly, to be treacherous rats. No offence.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





## At The Pictures

ALASTAIR SIM  
—FULL MARKS

The Inspector (Alastair Sim) interrogates the Cad (Brian Worth) in "An Inspector Calls."

THE purists' dogma that a play is a play, a film a film, and never the twain . . . etc., is tested anew by *An Inspector Calls* (Gaumont, Haymarket). The purists lose, for J. B. Priestley's good play makes a good film.

My questions are (1) can the action escape from the confines of the stage sets and (2) does the film add anything to the play? The answer to each is "Yes."

The story is of a rich, respectable Edwardian family celebrating the daughter's engagement to an eligible young aristocrat. Into this festivity drops Inspector Poole (Alastair Sim), who is investigating the suicide of a young woman. All deny knowledge of the matter until, under the Inspector's uncanny questioning, it comes out that each, perhaps unconsciously, had something to do with it: the father who dismissed her from his factory, the daughter who lost her job as a shop-girl, the fiancé who befriended but left her, the mother who refused her charity, the son who became her lover. Nobody behaved utterly badly, but the sum of their actions added up to the girl's death.

WHILE not fully accepting Mr. Priestley's first moral, that the poor can do no wrong, one does accept his second, that we all cause suffering by heedless actions. But, take my word, this film is good entertainment quite apart from morals.

In the play the girl is not seen. In the film she comes to life and death in the appealing form of Jane Wenham. Her misadventures with the family provide the material to get away from the stage setting and so justify the film-makers, while leaving intact Mr. Priestley's clean-cut dialogue. Credit to screen-play writer Desmond Davis.

Guy Hamilton's direction is restrained and distinguished and he has a well-picked cast. Alastair Sim makes a faultless, exciting job of the inspector. Olga Lindo skilfully and surprisingly engages our sympathy for so unattractive a character as the mother.

THE idea is good, the moral well known these days, but the entertainment not quite so good in *Bang! You're Dead* (Gaumont, Haymarket). It is the story of two country boys who play with toy pistols, find a real revolver and, in innocent play, kill a man. It clips along neatly for a while but then falters into some not quite convincing child psychology. A pity, because there is some solid work by Jack Warner and Derek Farr.

It's a long trail through *Jubilee Trail* (Dominion), one of those films where it does not matter at what point you enter the cinema. The good are good, the bad bad, and the good are the better pistol shots, so all ends well after a highly-coloured romp, led by Vera Ralston from New Orleans, along the trail to the Pacific coast in the 1840's.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Discussing the day's regatta racing were Mrs. Desmond Dillon, Herr Dietrich Fisher from Hamburg, Miss Elizabeth Brent-Good and Capt. Desmond Dillon, R.M., who crewed in the 5.5-metre *Sha-Sha V*, the only British boat racing

A NAUTICAL FLAVOUR mingled with that of champagne at the ball given by the Yacht Club Italiano at its beautiful clubhouse in Genoa, part of the celebrations of its seventy-fifth anniversary. According to custom, the ball, getting seriously under way at midnight, continued with great vivacity until dawn



The Hon. Sec., Dottore Beppe Croce, talking to Mrs. Perry, wife of Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry, helmsman of *Sha-Sha V*



Signor Frederico Schiappino and his wife were two of the 250 guests at this very well-organised ball



An international group of yachtsmen: Herr Dietrich Fisher (President, Norddeutscher Segler-Verband), Marchese Paolo Pallavicini (President, Y.C. Italiano), Count Stucky de Quay (Portugal) and Herr Bucher (Switzerland)

Gabor Demes





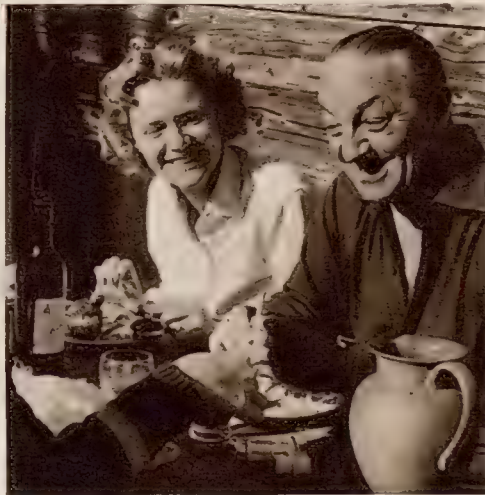
One of the biggest successes of the whole season was the amateur "Ski-shoering" race on the frozen lake. Here the winner, Mme. Tina Onassis, is seen behind Mlle. Crista Grief's horse, while Mr. N. Barclay, from Scotland, and Lord Porchester tow other competitors

## WHERE THE DEEP SNOWS KEEP THEIR HOLD

ST. MORITZ, where winter came late, has been enjoying a particularly active and successful season, which as it advances has added increasingly the pleasure of sunbathing to that of winter sports. Visitors from all over Europe, and also from America, have been enjoying the many—and often ingenious—pleasures of this famous Alpine resort



Mrs. W. Pershing, from New York, with H.E. Mons. Hector de Ayala, Cuban Ambassador to France



Two others at the Corviglia Club were the Marchese Salina, from Bologna, and his British-born wife



Miss Olga Deterding had her jacket temporarily entangled with Conte Theo Rossi's sweater fastening



The British bobsleigh team, who did exceedingly well and were placed second in the International Competition of the Swiss Championships. It consisted of Mr. J. Moore, Mr. K. Schellenberg, Mr. S. Parkinson and Mr. R. S. Raffels



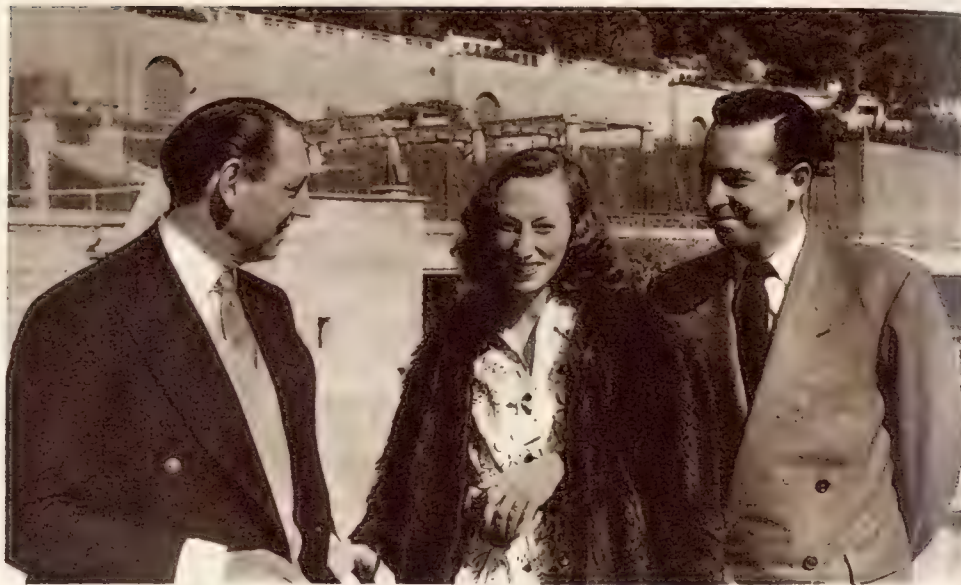
The Duca di Sangro, who is President of the Corviglia Club, with the Marchesa Theodoli

R. H. Schloss





*Miss Sally Hindmarsh and Miss Marie Marino were waiting for the start of this very enjoyable match*



*Three visitors who found that Riviera sunshine rivalled that of the deep Pacific were Mr. E. D. Andrews, from New Zealand, Mrs. Peter Molloy and Mr. Peter Molloy, from Australia*



*Keenly following the opening exchanges were Mr. Gordon Wolsey, Mrs. Wolsey and Mrs. Marjorie Hodson*

**TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO.** The annual "friendly" match between the International Club of Monaco, and Great Britain, took place in glorious sunshine, a change from the uncertain weather the Principality had been experiencing. Monaco won the event 2-1, after some excellent play



*An analysis of one of the sets was being conducted on the terrace by Mrs. Richard Prendergast, Mr. Nigel Sharpe, Miss Joyce Bowman and Mrs. Godfrey Turner*



*Mr. Tom Eggleton, Mrs. Ernest Wittman and Mr. Ernest Wittman were watching the conclusion of a hard-fought game*



*A quartet who gathered for outdoor refreshments were M. Gaston Medecin, of Monaco, M. Vladimir Landau, the International Club secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Butler, from U.S.A., and Mr. Eric Peters, from Britain*

*T. Anderson*





Four of the top-table guests: Air Vice-Marshal R. G. Hart, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker, of the Air Council, Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Theak, and Air Vice-Marshal E. B. Addison. The dinner was given at Danesfield House, Medmenham, Bucks



W/Cdr. J. N. Young and W/Cdr. S. E. D. Mills were having an aperitif before going in to dinner



Air-Cdre. C. A. Bell and G/Capt. R. D. Pratt were also present at this warm tribute to A.V.-M. Theak

A HAPPY FAREWELL was said to Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Theak, C.B., C.B.E., a senior officer of the Technical Branch, when 90 Group, R.A.F., of which he was formerly A.O.C., gave him a dinner upon his retirement. The R.A.F. pipers and R.A.F. band helped to convey that this was a "technical" good-bye to a very popular officer



Van Hallan

The Mess committee discussing final arrangements for the evening: F/O. S. H. D. Weigall, Sq./Off. G. M. Phillips, S/Ldr. H. C. Corbett, P.M.C., F/Lt. J. R. B. Seal and F/O. D. E. Gafield

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"Settling in all right?"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"LOOK here, my boy," said the head of the house, "I don't like the look of that girl you're going around with."  
★ "I'm sorry, father," replied the son, ★  
"but that's the best girl I can get with the car we've got."

THE big-game hunter found himself next to a charming young girl at a dinner-party, and he was telling her of his last hunting expedition. One of his anecdotes related how, after firing his last shot at a wounded and infuriated lion, he was forced to throw away his rifle and swim across a crocodile-infested river to safety. "Ah," replied the girl with a bright smile, "I'm awfully fond of bathing, too."

AN exciting story was being read to a small boy and the yarn told of the thrilling adventures of a family of boys. At the conclusion, the child asked:

"What happened to the mother."

"The story didn't mention the mother," said the reader. "She didn't come into the story."

"Perhaps she was dead," mused the child, and added thoughtfully: "Maybe she was killed in a nervous wreck."

READING the poor marks on his son's report card, a father was very angry.

"Don't be so hard on him, dear," said his wife, soothingly. "I know the boy's trying, and—"

"Oh, it isn't really the marks I mind so much," interrupted the father. "It's the deception. Why the dickens does he have to look so bright?"

THE club bore, renowned for his oft-repeated pretensions to infallibility, suddenly startled his hearers by admitting that he had once been wrong.

"You wrong? Surely not!" scoffed a listener.

"Yes," replied the bore weightily. "Once I thought I was wrong and then discovered that I wasn't!"



## Motoring

# A Genuine 100 m.p.h.

• Oliver Stewart •

IT may be recalled that the girl in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* once uttered the profound philosophical comment: "Fate keeps on happening." It must be one of its "happenings" that so often sets me to sample a fine motor-car in foul weather. Thrice Jaguar cars have been put at my disposal so that I could report upon them in *The Tatler* and thrice the heavens have opened and let down the gods' bathwater in bucketfuls. I go out in a gleaming engineering artefact and I return in the centre of an agglomeration of wet mud.

Judgment is apt to be warped by such experiences and it is a tribute to the Jaguar Mark VII. saloon that, in spite of the murk, I enjoyed every minute of my motoring. But by waiting for the fine weather that never came, I was unable to obtain all the photographs of the car that I wanted, or to take the precise performance measurements which I usually do.

My general description of the Jaguar Mark VII. would be that it is a combination of sports car in performance and handling and of a town limousine in spaciousness and comfort. It draws the opposite ends of the motoring scale closer together than any other production vehicle to-day. And the remarkable fact is that it does so at a price, including tax, of only a little over £1600.

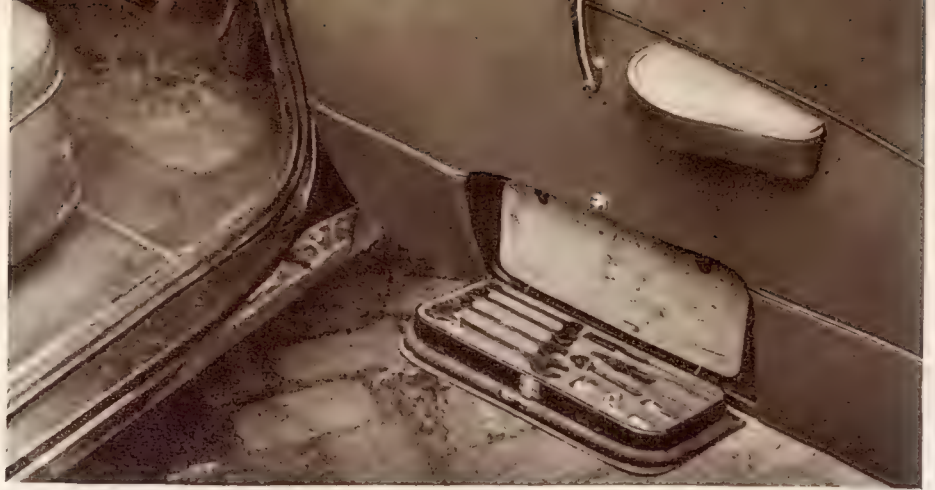
WITH all proper respect to Jaguar salesmen I would say that it is only necessary to persuade the "prospective" to take the wheel of this car for a few miles and then to make out the order form. Few driving positions are so well arranged; few sets of controls so satisfactory. The steering, though somewhat low geared for those used to Continental cars, is accurate and light; the gearbox is an unfailing source of pleasure, ready to the left hand; the hand-brake is one of the very few on British cars of which I can approve, and the main brakes are powerful and light.

Under the bonnet is that impressive, twin overhead camshaft engine, the engine that has done so much to enhance the name of British motor engineering abroad. Its main characteristics are now well known. And not only is the design advanced and well tried; but the finish is noteworthy. It is often a shock to look under the bonnet of quite expensive motor-cars; for one is apt to find there rough ironmongery and crude plumbing liberally splashed with assorted oils and muds. Not so in the Jaguar, whose power-house positively gleams.

THIS is a genuine 100-miles-an-hour car with good acceleration. I like the vacuum servo brakes, which pass the severest test: that of a quick pull up without snatch or lurch. The instrument-board carries an engine revolutions counter on the left side of a polished walnut panel and a big dial speedometer on the right. There are all the usual warning lights for traffic indicators and other equipment. There is a switch for reading the contents of either of the two tanks.

The interior is roomy, and door catches, window handles, quarter-light setting levers and other detail controls all give evidence of careful design. The spare wheel is carried upright in the luggage boot, and there are small tool trays in the front door, with press-button access.

Not long ago Mr. William Lyons let me try one of the Jaguars with the automatic transmission as sold on the overseas market. It was as pleasant to drive as this Mark VII. but I cannot say that it offered all the joys to be had from the ordinary synchromesh gearbox. And it must be remembered that the Mark VII. Overdrive model adds a little more selectivity to the driver's scope when using the gearbox. However, it may well be true—as many leading manufacturers now believe—that automatic transmissions will eventually become general in touring cars. But many will be glad to have had experience of a Jaguar without one!

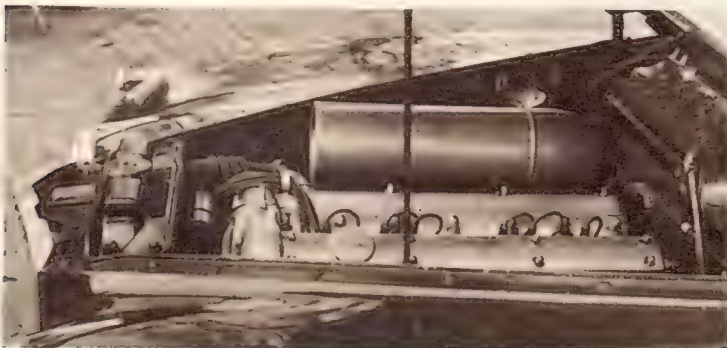


*Typical of the detail refinement of the Jaguar Mk. VII. saloon is the disposition of the tools, which are carried in trays concealed in the doors, where they are tucked well away, yet are easily accessible*

AT many garages the standard of car cleaning is exceedingly low. In fact, my own car has been so badly washed and polished at the places where I have had it done that I have now trained a man to do the work at my home, where there is a drained yard. But the garage hose-over and smear-down, for which one is asked to pay a grotesquely excessive sum, is doing no good to the reputation of the elaborate washing machinery that is so much publicised.

For the perfect car wash and polish technique one has to go to an old coachman, for they were the people who really understood all about gloss and lustre. I gather that the right method is still the oldest method. The car is first gone over with a soft sponge and hose, the hose being set for the gentlest flow of water and the sponge being kept constantly full. Then the whole thing is gone over with a leather, soaked in clean water and wrung out. Then there is polishing with a soft cloth. And that seems to be all. But I am told by my coachman instructor that there are proprietary polishes and waxes which can be used occasionally and which will enhance the gloss. He says that most amateur car washers make the mistake of using "any old cloths" and that the only correct thing to use is the stuff known as "cheese cloth."

RECENTLY there was a small exhibition of an ingenious method of repairing tyre covers (and in spite of *The Times* I still prefer to spell it with a "y"! ). It is known as the Bowes Seal Fast process and the cover to be treated has the break or crack covered by a repair section and the cut filled with what is known as "tyre dough." This stuff must not be touched by hand, nor must the air get at it before use, so it is packed in a special container and is applied with a dough gun. I gather that these repairs completely re-establish the cover.



*"Power-house" of the Jaguar Mk. VII. is as streamlined in its way as the bonnet containing it. The 3½-litre engine has twin overhead camshafts and its layout has been most neatly designed*



*The instruments are arranged for maximum visibility on the polished walnut panel. This picture also gives an idea of the ample elbow-room allowed the driver, and the handiness of the controls*





LADY KATHERINE BRANDRAM (Princess Katherine of Greece) visiting the studio of artist Mollie Forestier-Walker to see the recently completed portrait of her six-year-old son Paul Brandram. The portrait is shown in the exhibition of Mrs. Forestier-Walker's pictures being held in aid of Greek children, at Parsons Galleries, Grosvenor Street

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# Boy Who Stopped Bump In Night

WHAT mark does a childish obsession leave upon after-life? G. B. Stern's new novel, *JOHNNY FORSAKEN* (Collins; 12s. 6d.), has for its hero a middle-aged man who, when nine years old, believed he had saved the world from imminent, absolute destruction. It had been in this manner: Johnny Trevrose's father and sister Sarah subscribed to an obscure Cornish religious cult which had (it claimed) inside information that the end of the world would take place on a certain night. On the night appointed, Mr. Trevrose and Sarah set out to take part in the proceedings; as to the youthful Johnny, it was decided that under no circumstances, however exceptional, should he be allowed to stay up so late.

Left alone in the farmhouse, the boy wrestled in prayer: by the time dawn followed a sleepless vigil, Johnny had compounded with the Almighty—saved by his, and by *only* his, intercession, the world was granted a further term. Yet, who knew that they had Johnny to thank? No one; for the boy must keep to his bargain. He had carried his point with the Almighty on the strength of a promise—if the world did survive, Johnny would tell no one what occurred.

THIS key crisis is relayed to us in the Prologue. The Johnny Trevrose whom in the main part of the novel we are to meet and know is a taciturn but attractive Cornishman, chief clerk to a respected firm of solicitors in Felsea, a South Coast small residential town. Our hero—with, so far as meets the eye, not a grain of nonsense anywhere in his disposition—is a prominent local figure who, in his spare time, bosses (there is no other word for it)

the Felsea amateur dramatic society. A likelier scope for power could not be found—and power-lovingness, or, to be more exact, the sense that power is owing to him, is inevitably a part of our hero's make-up.

With this possible vice goes, however, much that is admirable—zeal, to the point of fanaticism, with regard to anything he takes up, staunch kindness, an almost over-developed sense of responsibility. One sees why Johnny had done well in World War I., why he is such a highly-rated employee, and why, when World War II. impacts upon Felsea, he becomes the backbone of Civil Defence. But one also sees why his marriage failed.

LINDA, dishevelled and plaintive, is off the scene (now the wife of another, in Australia) when the story opens. A totally different woman, and not through love, is now to challenge the Trevrose dominance: Eugenia Cselovar, a terrible little Central European woman of around sixty, wanders, without warning, into a rehearsal; and, still worse, takes up residence in Felsea. Eugenia, it should at once be said, is a member of that colourful Rakonitz family which Miss G. B. Stern released on to the world, and whose divagations her most popular novels follow (the last we heard of the Rakonitz was in *The Young Matriarch*, 1942). Personally, I found Eugenia as hard to tolerate as Johnny did at the outset, and as the more unswerving Kate Bassett did all the time. Her practically nonstop monologue during the first war months of 1939 made me long for it to be 1940 and bomb-time—I think it not unfair to reveal that, though bombs do fall, not one of them writes finish to her exuberance.

Indeed, far from it: only too much alive she posts off to Hampstead, where Tante Meena,

Putsel and *die kleine* Hedwig have reappeared. And Johnny? He is once again forsaken.

Miss Stern's almost magical powers as a story-teller make us forgive her for what might be found to be certain redundancies in her plot—*Johnny Forsaken* is crowded with incidents, all enjoyable, and with characters, comic or sympathetic: some of these seem to have no particular bearing upon her theme (which I take to be the illusion of all-powerfulness sealed down into a person by years of silence). But who can quarrel with generosity?—Miss Stern, as ever, has given us full measure. Apart from her masterful portrait of Johnny, she delights us with a demure picture of the rumours and rivalries, feuds and love-affairs of residential society in a small seaside town.

★ ★ ★

THE FLAW IN THE CRYSTAL, by Godfrey Smith (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is a first novel, off to a good start—the Book Society have made it their this month's alternative fiction choice. The author himself is to be remembered as the President of the Oxford Union, who proposed the motion in the first televised debate between Oxford and Cambridge: he now, we learn, occupies a position of importance on the administrative side in Fleet Street. And, on the yellow jacket of his book, his publishers have posed this intriguing question: "Was it the Burgess-Maclean affair that suggested the theme of this fascinating novel?"

It might be so, or it might be not—no harm, at any rate, in wondering! Topicality is, at least, among the attractions of *The Flaw in the Crystal*; youthfulness is on the same list. Mr. Smith's conviction and competence leave no doubt that he is at the outset of a career in fiction: he grips at our interest, no snag appears in his story—which, looked back on when one has come to the end, shows itself watertight as to plot.

He is not immature; he is flamboyantly young—which manifests itself in his view of character, in a certain dogmatism as to opinion, touches here and there of sentimentousness and, though less often, sentimentality. There are times when Mr. Smith writes like Ouida—for instance, on page 79, we have the principal character doing flowers.

He handled them, with those strong white hands, with the utmost gentleness, and had soon arranged their fragile stems with an artistry which I had not thought to see in a man. Afterwards, I always asked him to arrange them for me, and he always did; yet never with even a hint of effeminacy. . . .

However, these lapses are few. And, such as they are, they are linguistic rather than psychological. For Graham Several, white-handed with the flowers, is indeed a mass of baffling, conflicting traits.

GRAHAM SEVERAL, whose war record has been no less spectacular than his personality, is being considered for a particularly delicate, top-secret, deadly important mission in his country's service abroad. Love of danger, effrontery, sheer nerve make him potentially the ideal person—but is his integrity absolute? Does his secretive life hide affiliations which could make him disloyal? It is essential that "the back room" should know: accordingly, the "I" of the story is summoned to conference, then put on to the job of checking on and reporting on Graham Several. Roger Meredith, to whom the assignment goes, can operate only one way—under guise of friendship. And more and more, the espionage (for that is what it amounts to) becomes repulsive. For Meredith is to find himself subtly drawn to the man whom, in theory, he should nothing more than observe; moreover, he does more than once suspect that Several sees through him and is laughing at him.

The scene is contemporary London, seen through the eyes of young men and women about town. I feel certain that, among other things, Mr. Smith has given us a first-rate document of his generation—its state of mind, its moodiness, its mistrustful pursuit of love, its

(Continued on page 570)







FASHION CHOICE  
OF THE WEEK

# The True Elegance

EVERY now and then Fashion dresses up the twin-set with mink and embroidery and a thousand cute little tricks, but the bare lines of the classic model have more true elegance than any adaptation. We show here a particularly good example by Lyle & Scott in a very fine quality Botany wool, which costs approximately 89s. 6d., and is stocked by Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, who sell all the merchandise shown on these two pages, including the skirt photographed with the twin-set (left). This is made of oatmeal coloured all wool cloth and has its own narrow belt and saddle-stitched pockets. It costs 69s. 6d.

—MARIEL DEANS



This little Tambourin beret, worn uncompromisingly straight and square on the head, is made of beige felt and costs 10s. 6d. It also comes in many other colours



The short-sleeved sweater that is the other half of the set. We show it here worn with a pure silk Paisley neckerchief, price 15s. 11d., and some modish bracelets in Venetian glass that, we think, were presents from Italy



The shoes. Ochre calf wedge-heel pumps with just enough heel for perfect comfort. Price 59s. 9d.



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**A**WAKE this morning to dagger of sunlight piercing through gap between curtains, and forgotten pandemonium of birds screaming enthusiasm for spring, the while wolfing up new buds on the wallflowers. Having dispatched the family to its destinations, I decide that this is no day to remain even metaphorically hunched over a sink, and plan expedition in search of pussy-willow and/or primroses.

Am intercepted, half-way to the gate with Thermos and sandwiches, by hail from Mr. Jenkins the jobbing gardener, sailing in on a bicycle camouflaged with branches in the manner of Birnam Wood approaching Dunsinane. "Lovely day for the garden," he announces, "I got them trees you were askin' about."

I explain that I originally inquired in the autumn, which time, so far as the daily press and my gardening book told me, is suitable for shifting trees from one place to another.



I know it is a lost battle, however, for Mr. Jenkins gardens as some others cook—by instinct rather than principle. His visits are weekly but unheralded, depending not so much on the weather as on his inspiration and social engagements. I know that, like a joy, he must be caught as he flies—it is just no use saying the moment he arrives is inconvenient. Nor is there any point in mentioning that it is too late to plant trees—with his charming smile and enchanting Welsh accent, Mr. Jenkins will assert that, well, now, look—so long as it's spring it will be all right.

**I**T is obviously no good trying to go out on any picnic—Mr. Jenkins, gardening, needs my constant advice and moral support, if only for the purpose of spurning both with well-assembled arguments. Besides, I am chary of leaving him alone. He is about sixty, and surmounted with snowy white hair, and has a passion for nipping up trees on the slightest excuse.

Our fruit trees are all curiously blazoned with splodges of white paint sloshed by Mr. Jenkins on to the bits he has pruned, to keep the germs out, he says—and to do all this he scorns ladders but swarms happily in the branches, hither and thither, swinging a paint-pot from one hand, while I flutter hopelessly on the ground below, feeling it my

(Continued on page 564)



## Gadabout

**H**ERE are clothes (writes Mariel Deans) for any young woman who is having a good time—clothes to dance in, clothes for parties, clothes for the cinema or just to look pretty in. We have chosen these dresses because they have a very definite feel of the new season's style and also because they are all four of them out and out flatterers. The hats shown in the photographs have been kindly lent by R. M. Hats Ltd.





LEFT. This very new looking, dark blue, silk and wool mixtuire jumper suit has a flattering neckline that is pure Paris. The crisp white piqué collar comes out in a second and leaves a very low, severely plain dinner-time décolletage that is a wonderful background for jewellery. A Roter model, it is stocked by Marshall and Snelgrove, Leicester

ABOVE. For dancing at the Café de Paris she wears Susan Small's coffee coloured cotton short dinner-dress. The corselette skirt, embroidered all over with white broderie anglais, is separated from the plain bodice by a high swathed sash of ice-blue taffeta. Fenwicks of Bond Street have this dress



# CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

moral duty to be there to catch him, in case. . . . I cannot imagine any excuse this time for Mr. Jenkins climbing trees, but there is just no knowing.

**M**R. JENKINS and I stand some time debating where the new fruit trees shall go, though what reason there is for debate, seeing that he has made up his mind already, I don't quite know.

To be as near him as possible, I assume my usual plan of working as paying apprentice to his behests, and obediently set myself to protecting the polyanthus bed from the birds. Mr. Jenkins insists that the only way to ensure flowers on polyanthi is to interweave the plants with twigs heavily embellished with black cotton. By the time I have carried out his orders, the polyanthus bed is so entangled



with twigs and black cotton that not only will the birds be incapable of seeing the polyanthi but their existence will be concealed even from us. "That," says Mr. Jenkins with vicarious triumph, "will settle 'em."

**A**T this moment McDougal the orange cat emerges from his gorged sleep by the kitchen boiler and makes a bee-line for the twigs and black cotton, obviously designed, his pleased grin says, for his especial entertainment. Having woven most of the twigs and cotton into an elaborate mesh, he stalks over to where I am putting in gladioli corms, and, delighted at finding a relatively easily workable piece of ground, proceeds to his own personal excavations. "Cats and gardens," says Mr. Jenkins, "don't go together, look. Tell you what, dear—scatter some pepper about and he won't go near it. Cayenne's cheaper than the other."

**L**IKE a zombie I search for cayenne and scatter it on the upturned soil. McDougal comes over to investigate, and licks up a few orange grains with evident interest and enjoyment before starting on more excavations. I rush off for real pepper. McDougal takes one sniff, and is attacked by a violent sneezing fit which makes me feel like cruelty to animals. Recovered, he snarls at me reproachfully and darts up to the highest branch of the highest pear tree, where he sits, howling.

I help Mr. Jenkins to hold trees upright while he scatters earth on their roots, and soothe him down when at intervals he stands chirruping anxiously at McDougal to come down there's a good kitty. After about an hour I retire to make coffee for Mr. Jenkins, and return with a tray to find—needless to say—that he has swarmed up the pear tree and is ensconced in its branches trying to persuade McDougal that he didn't mean any harm by the pepper. I knew he'd find *some* excuse.

—Diana Gillon



## Gadabout

Upstairs at the Café de Paris she wears a navy blue lace cocktail frock which has an apron overskirt outlined with a wide stiff frill of pleated net. Notice the pretty way the edge of the lace is scalloped on to the net frill and round the neck. This is a Julian Rose model from Harrods of Knightsbridge





John Cole

Rima's silver-grey rayon and wool mixture afternoon dress, with its folded bodice line that looks like a waistcoat, has three-quarter sleeves cuffed with ocelot. The peg-topped skirt tapers to a narrow hemline. Harvey Nichols are the stockists



## SHOPPING

DÉCOR FOR THE  
PARTY MOOD

*JEAN CLELAND finds these charming accessories to add to the party sparkle. Just to look at them puts us in the mood to gad and frivol, to step out and hit the high spots, and enjoy the revelry by night*



Hand in hand with grace for a party go these delicate and reasonably priced gloves. Short black lace with sequin cuffs, 29s. 6d. Elbow length ruched rayon jersey, with pearl and gold thread decoration, 38s. 6d. The heavy plated gold bracelet costs £9 9s. Marshall & Snelgrove



Satin and sheen can be had in these lovely scarves. The Lily of the Valley at the bottom, and the Striped at the top, are made in Switzerland, and can be had from Debenham & Freebody at approximately 99s. 6d. each. Behind is a broché scarf from Marshall & Snelgrove, price £1 9s. 6d



This evening bag and pochette in bead and beauvais have a "delicate air" designed for evening gaiety. They come from Marshall & Snelgrove, and cost £22 10s.





Three beautiful examples of the new Christian Dior jewellery with the glamorous names. Starting at the bottom of the picture—"Paris after Dark" (necklace £17, ear-rings, £15 15s.), "Marquise" (necklace £27, ear-rings £2 10s.), "Symphony" (necklace £23, ear-rings, £4 15s.). Debenhams & Freebody have them



Dennis Smith

Grandmamma would have approved of these perfume pads, which can be moistened with your own special scent, and can be used to cleanse and refresh the fingers after tea. The little "Locket and Chain Compact" is the perfect answer for those who lose things. Perfume pad, jewelled 18s. 6d., petit point, 27s. 6d. Locket and chain, £3 3s. From Marshall & Snelgrove

## BEAUTY

# NEW-MOON RADIANCE

DRESSING for a party, feeling as you do so the tingle of excitement that anticipates the pleasures to come. The hush in the theatre as the orchestra tunes up and the lights go down. The glow that greets you as you step from the dark street into the lighted restaurant. The rhythm of the waltz as you glide on to the dance floor.

It is all part of the evening magic. A lovely opportunity to let yourself go and give that extra sparkle to your looks that is becoming by night, and not so in keeping by day.

Experts who concern themselves with beauty, and the subtle arts that give bloom to the looks, all have their own views as to what creates evening radiance. Talking with them in their various salons, I found them united in the common thought that evening looks should be romantic and as different from those of the day as a party frock from a morning suit.

HERE are some ideas I gleaned, all of which add up to one thing: As you change your dress, so must you change your face.

Make-up for the evening should be delicate and ethereal. The best way of giving a translucent look to the skin is to use one of the lovely liquid foundations that create a matt, filmy finish. Powder technique, too, is strongly advocated. This means two shades of powder, one on top of the other. For a fair effect, use a deepish tint first, with a creamy one on top. The deep one glows through, and the pale one gives the note of delicacy which goes so well with pastel shades and evening dress. If, on the other hand, you are wearing a dress that needs a warmer glow to complement it, put the pale creamy shade of powder underneath and the darker one on top.

Lipstick and rouge can both be brighter for the evening, as artificial light dims the colour. It also tends to give make-up a yellowish tinge, therefore a somewhat "bluer" shade of red should be used to allow for this.

Bare arms and shoulders should look alabaster

fair at night, and the best way of getting this effect is to use a liquid powder foundation and powder lightly on top of it. To apply this type of foundation evenly, wring a pad of cotton wool out in cold water, then dip it into the liquid and smooth in as quickly as possible. Finish by blending it in with the tips of the fingers so that no streakiness is visible. Choose one of the foundations that stays "put" and does not, when dancing, rub off on to your partner's dress clothes.

TO whatever evening festivity you are going you must take a pair of sparkling eyes, and the best way of ensuring this is to place pads saturated with eye tonic over the closed lids for a little while before dressing and then give them a good eye bath before starting to make up. Greater depth can be given to the eyes by the skilful use of eye-shadow in the iridescent shades available.

To make the eyes look larger, try the trick of painting lightly along the rims (close to the upper lashes) with a little shadow on the tip of a small paint brush. When this has been done run the finger along the line to soften it and smooth the colour out over the eyelids. To lengthen the eyes, carry the lid a little way beyond the outer edge and then lightly "smudge" this with the fingers.

Hair can be given a party look with one of the attractive rinses that bring up the highlights and give it a look of life and sheen. There are exquisite shades to suit every colour, all of which wash off quite easily when the hair is shampooed. A dramatic note can be added by touching a strand of hair with one of the high-lighting preparations specially made for the purpose. If the hair is grey, a "wing" of silver gives a note of distinction that lifts it out of the ordinary. Similar effects can be given with gold and auburn, according to whatever shade is in need of brightening. Leading hair stylists have their own attractive ways of giving the hair a party look, and these take the form of jewels, flowers, and tiny scatter pins with jewelled heads that catch the light and give an effective glitter.

IF pastel shades are being worn in the evening, a charming appearance can be given to the nails by using one of the new mother-of-pearl varnishes. Two of the loveliest of these are a white pearl and a pink pearl, both of which have a jewel-like effect that is very becoming.

Incidentally, if you are giving a party, don't forget to put one of the air fresheners in the kitchen to keep the smell of cooking from greeting the guests when they arrive. When speaking of a new one by Field, Ltd., a couple of weeks ago, I called it an "Air-Wick," which was an error. I should have said "Lavend-air." "Air-Wick" is the name of the original one, which we all know so well.

—Jean Cleland



A Venetian air can be achieved with this new Stanley Unger Eye-Wear, entitled "Dubarry" and coutured to suit individual features. Designed for evening wear, a lace mask covers the frame and the lenses, which are specially cut to allow complete range of vision



# ENGAGEMENTS



Angus McBean

**Miss Shirley R. C. Brooks**, youngest daughter of Major A. C. Brooks, of Maypole, Goudhurst, Kent, and of the late Mrs. M. A. Brooks, is engaged to Capt. Francis Wolseley Ward, R.A., younger son of the late Col. Harry Ward, C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Ward, of Lamberhurst



Lenare

**Miss Mary Elizabeth Moxon**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moxon, of Leek, Staffs, is engaged to Mr. John Keith Watson Stewart, younger son of Sir James Stewart, Bt., and Lady Stewart, of Glasgow



Fayer

**Miss Audrey Melissa Congreve**, daughter of Major Congreve, of Congreve and Cockspur Hall, Tenbury Wells, Worcs, and of Mrs. I. Hilleary, of Bernisdale, Skye, is engaged to Capt. J. W. E. Hanmer, Royal Dragoons, son of Sir Edward and Lady Hanmer, of Whitchurch, Salop



Peter Grigeeon

## BLUETT—NICHOLL

The wedding took place at Goring Church, Berks, of Lt. John Robert Tenison Bluett, R.N., of 801 Fighter Sqn., Fleet Air Arm, son of Capt. and Mrs. C. R. Bluett, R.I.N. (ret.), of Lee-on-Solent, and of Miss Patricia Jane Nicholl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Nicholl, of Manor Road, Goring



## VON MENERGHAUSEN—LAST

Baron Julius von Mengerhausen, only son of Mrs. Hugh Lister, of Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, and of the late Dr. von Mengerhausen, married Miss Katherine Margaret Last, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Last, of Platts Lane, London. N.W.3, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



## PASSMORE—WOOLCOTT

At the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, Mr. Philip John Passmore, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Passmore, of Coventry, married Miss Ann Beverley Woolcott, daughter of Surg. Capt. A. R. Woolcott, R.A.N., and the late Mrs. Woolcott, of Melbourne, Australia



## MIDLANE—HURST

Mr. John Raymond Midlane, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Midlane, of The Woodlands, Mappleborough Green, married at St. John's, Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, Miss Patricia Hurst, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hurst, of Oldberrow Court, Henley-in-Arden



## MAZE—TOOTELL

The wedding took place at All Soul's, Langham Place, between Mr. Jean Paul Etienne Maze, son of M. Paul Maze, of The Mill Cottage, Treyford, Sussex, and of Mrs. M. Maze, of Connel, Argyll, and Miss Margaret A. Tootell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Tootell, of Llangaffo, Isle of Anglesey



## ELLIOTT—MCKENNA

Mr. Denholm Elliott, younger son of the late Mr. Myles Elliott and of Mrs. Nina Elliott, of Grove Court, S.W.10, married Miss Virginia McKenna, only daughter of the late Mr. Terence McKenna and of Mrs. Anne Rudd, of Rutland Street, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



It's not only the name that tells you

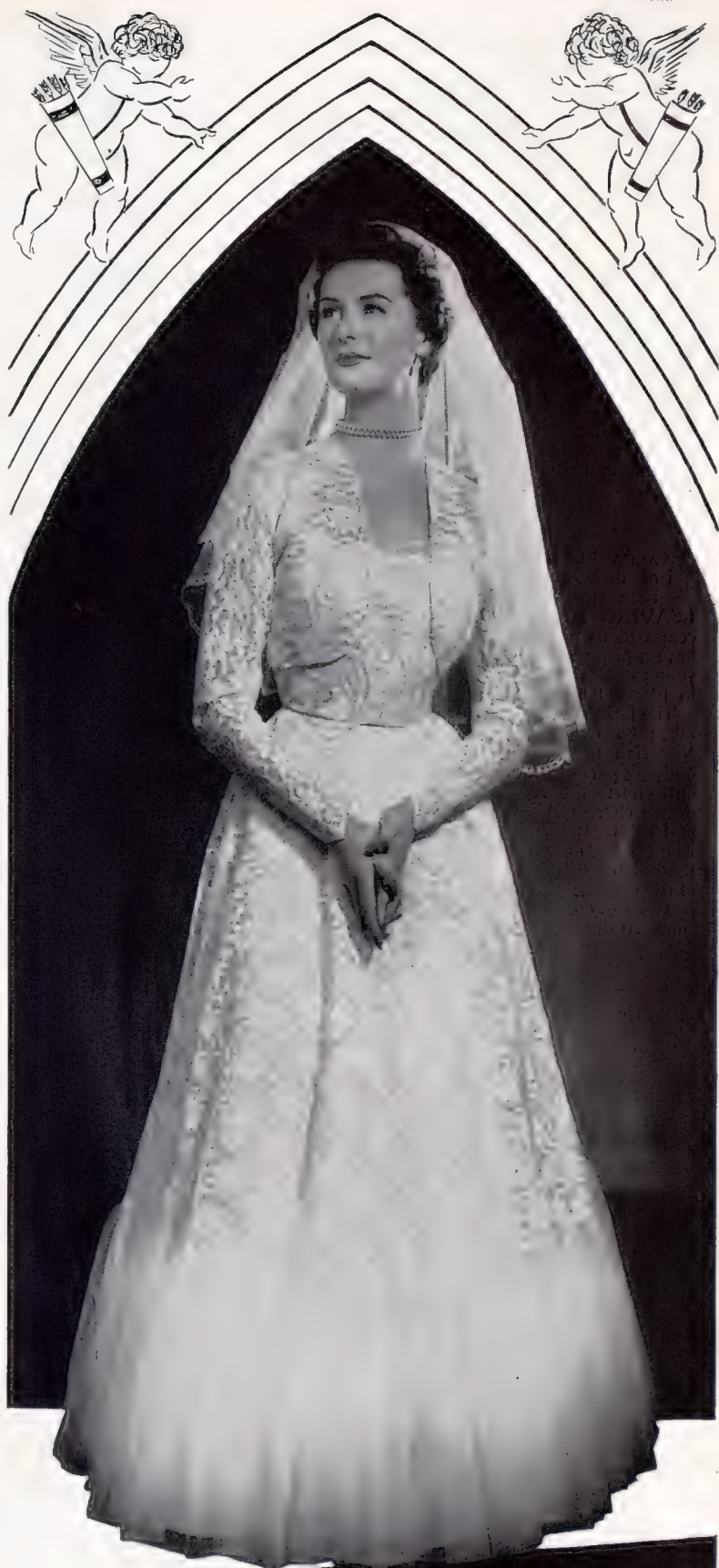
it's a **Pringle**

A black and white photograph of a woman with short, dark hair, wearing a Pringle patterned suit consisting of a jacket and a skirt. She is smiling and looking upwards, holding a small, dark object in her right hand. The background is a repeating pattern of the text "MAKE KNIT-SUITS LOVELIER PRINGLE MAKE KNIT-SUITS LOVELIER". A large, dark, teardrop-shaped graphic element is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the text "it's a Pringle". Above this graphic, the text "It's not only the name that tells you" is written in a cursive font. The woman is standing next to a dark, ornate railing.

**a model from the new spring range**



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## THE DIFFICULT YEARS

experimental gaieties, its fundamental loneliness. That his portrait of *Several* comes off quite so well, I am not sure: in presenting so complex a character from the outside (for *Several* must be seen from the outside only) he has undertaken a Herculean task which might well have scared a veteran novelist. But by force of its courage the book, as a whole, succeeds. The *dénouement*, which is to give the story a retrospective, strongly dramatic twist, is brilliant in being quite unforeseen.

★ ★ ★

FAMILY life novels build up into a literature of their own: America like England has been strong in them. Elizabeth Janeway's *LEAVING HOME* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) comes to us as a notable contribution—here we have a picture of the difficult years in which three young people, a brother and two sisters, are, each in his or her own way, struggling to grow up.

The father is dead; his place in the household is taken by Uncle Van. The home, a capacious Victorian house in a still leisurely, tree-shaded outlying part of Brooklyn, is maintained not without effort—though Mrs. Bishop (a beautifully drawn character) imparts to it an illusion of ease and calm. Into her children, Nina, Kermit and Marion, have been instilled standards that go with the old tradition. Do these still fit the exigencies of the modern world?

The story of *Leaving Home* covers six years of time. At the outset, when first we meet the Bishops,

Nina is working for a magazine publisher in New York, Kermit is reading law at Columbia University and Marion is in her last year at college. The novel is divided into three sections, in each of which we follow the development of a young Bishop—and Nina's, though in one way the most conventional, is at the same time, somehow, the most interesting.

PASSIONATELY does the girl *not* wish to conform to type—to make a "suitable" marriage, become a placid matron, satisfied housewife and overfond mother. Stirrings in her nature make her desire something more dangerous, and grander. But life is too much for her—a flare-up of passion glorifies, for a space, her correct, dull suitor, and she marries him. Nature takes its course.

The very fact that she has succumbed tends (which is excellent psychology) to embitter Nina, slightly, against her more adventurous brother and younger sister. Kermit, the intellectual, resents the cutting-off of the sympathy between himself and Nina; and Marion, experimenting in love and, as time goes on, hurting herself badly, is angrily aware of her sister's coldness. Kermit's ambitions and attachments, the latter always touched by a sort of chill, are portrayed, I consider, by Mrs. Janeway with a super-feminine understanding—as are the tempestuous Marion's despairs.

This novel, charitable and sane and, as writing, admirably constructed, is the first we have had in England of Mrs. Janeway's: readers will find, I fancy, that it more than accounts for her high reputation in her own country.

★ ★ ★

BORDERLINE (Macmillan, 11s. 6d.) is a satirical comedy with a theme which might well have commended itself to Voltaire or Swift. The author is Vercors—literary soubriquet of that outstanding French Resistance writer who some ten years ago gave us *Put Out The Light* ("Le Silence de la Mer"). This time, Vercors has set his main scene in London, and his characters are English—or, one should rather say, his totally human characters are of that nationality. For a

part, also, is played by a newly discovered race, named by scientists the Tropis. Reputed to be somewhere in New Zealand, the Tropis are tracked down by an expedition specially organized for that purpose, and specimens are brought home to London.

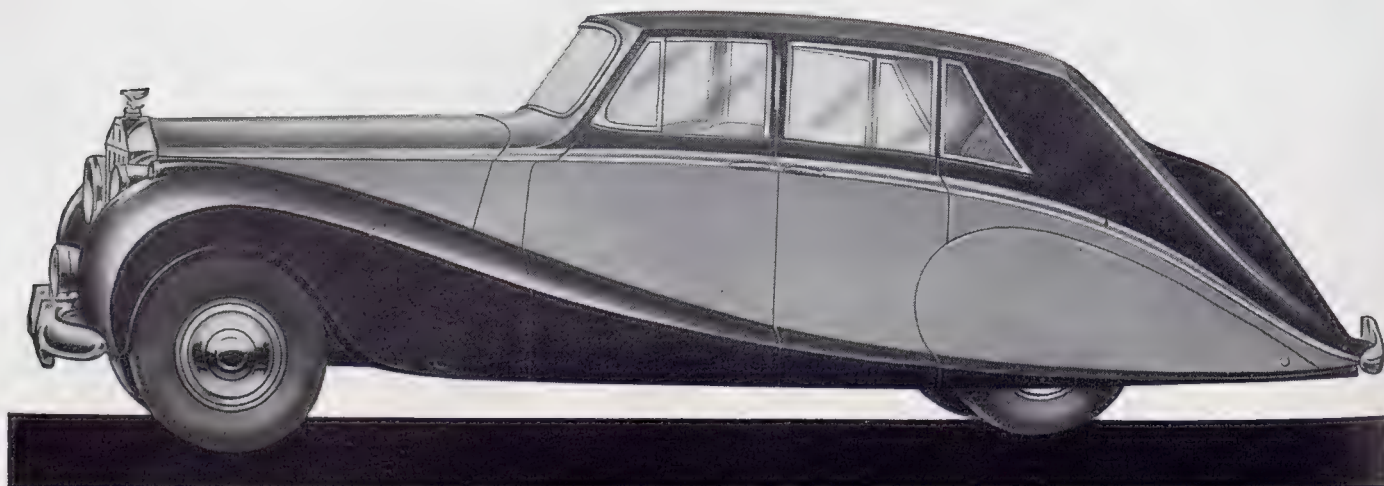
The Tropis, very much nearer man than has been, so far, any discovered ape, raise a whole new crop of sociological problems. What is their status? And what, still more, would be the status of a child humanly fathered upon a Tropi mother? Our hero, a young journalist, Douglas Templemore, decides to lend himself to a bold experiment—some of the methods he adopts may cause an occasional blink to the English reader. The problem infant (if infant it may be called) is first born, then painlessly put to death: Douglas, self-confessed as the slayer, is charged with murder. Liable to hang he can only be *if* the human-ness of his victim is established. How does one define Humanity—what is Man? Douglas's neck stays in peril while the civilized world, not to speak of lawyers, philosophers and biologists, gives itself over to frantic argument.

THE argument, with the fine points it raises, is the fundamental *raison d'être* of the book. But *Borderline* can be read and enjoyed, no less, as a thriller with shrewd psychology, packed with characters of whom the not least engaging is redoubtable Lady Draper, the judge's wife. Nor is love interest missing—Douglas throughout is supported by charming, hard-trying Frances, whom he has met among the Regent's Park daffodils. Also, it is amusing—is it not so always?—to see London and Londoners through brilliant Gallic eyes.



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Hector Innes  
Kelso 1st XV, Season 1953-54. Back: J. Maconochie (hon. sec.), J. Thomson, T. Wilson, J. M. Campbell, J. Rae, J. Graham (president), G. Martin, G. D. Strother, G. F. Burn, R. B. Hill (hon. treasurer). Front: R. A. Nicholson, A. B. Hastie, T. G. Laing, G. K. Smith (captain), I. R. Hastie, J. K. Hume, M. J. Inglis

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

## KELSO

IN the centre of the Border hunting country lies Kelso, one of the most charming small towns of Scotland, with its wide, cobbled market square and the remains of a famous Abbey to recall its historic past. The Kelso Rugby Club, too, has its special niche in history.

Founded in 1884 the club can claim to be among the oldest in Scotland, but after a successful start a long period in the junior ranks followed, when little information is available of its valiant struggle to regain senior status until its meteoric rise again some twenty years later. Yet, during that lapse from the highest standard of Rugby, when the club played at Shedden Park, the Tweedside town produced many players of outstanding ability, whose services to neighbouring Border Clubs and even Scotland are recorded.

KELSO entered the Senior Border League in season 1912-13, and with the return of W. F. Forrest, C. Ogilvy and W. S. Black to their native club made an auspicious start by a victory over the formidable Hawick side. By the following year the club was firmly established among the leading sides in Scotland.

In the quiet period that followed World War One, a side was gradually built which brought distinction to the ancient town. Such players as J. T. and Tom Laing, A. Tudhope, J. S. and J. R. Robertson, C. Calder, R. Liddle, James Greeve and John Campbell from the farming community of the surrounding district helped to pave the way to ultimate honours. The club won the Border League for the first time in season 1930, and two further championships came to Kelso before the game was again interrupted. On play being resumed, Kelso reached the zenith of its ambition in season 1947-48 when they won the unofficial Scottish Championship title.

In the popular seven-a-side game, Kelso have won all the Border trophies with the exception of the coveted Melrose Cup, and in 1936 established a record in winning the three "Autumn" tournaments, scoring 139 points to 14 against.

THROUGH these years of strenuous work the club is indebted to the untiring efforts of officials to guide its affairs. Among those who must be specially mentioned is Leslie Slight, who has served in various capacities for nearly forty years, W. H. Bookless, John Hume and the present secretary and treasurer, John Maconochie and Robin Hill. Under the live presidency of James Graham, the old Scottish international, they carry on the tradition and fine spirit of the Poynder Park Club.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

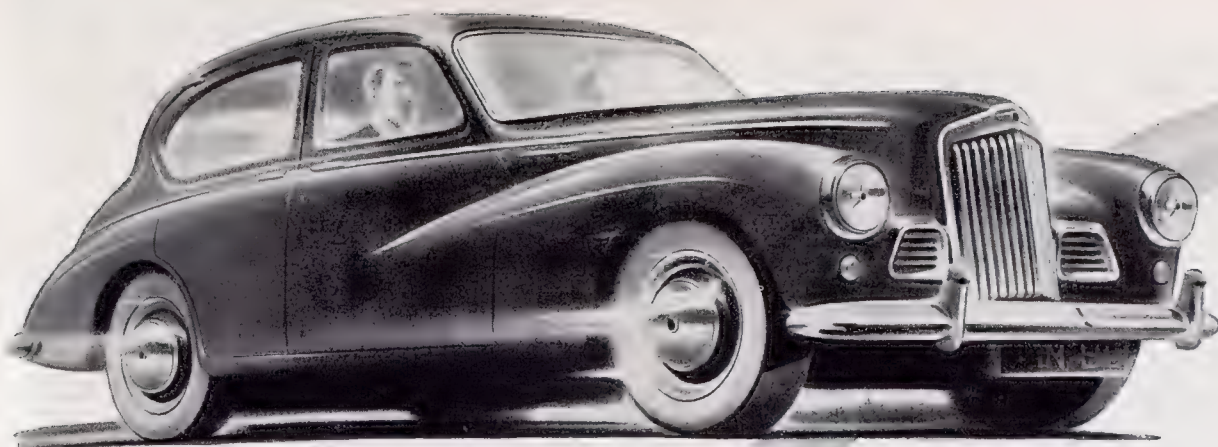
E.M.I. set a poser this month by coupling the "Classical" Symphony in D. Major Op. 25, by Prokofiev, with the late George Gershwin's "An American In Paris," and I write this because I cannot help thinking that here is the supreme example of executives straining even the most catholic taste to its limit. These works are played by the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by no less a personality than Arturo Toscanini, but that does not excuse the mating of either of these performances.

Those who wish to revel in the Prokofiev will be frankly disappointed. On the other hand, Toscanini's presentation of "An American In Paris" must be admitted the best of the four L.P. recordings of the work now available. The maestro has out Whiteman-ed Paul Whiteman, and he has inspired the orchestra into putting up a brilliant and vital performance. For once, too, the R.C.A. Victor engineers have done their part, serving Toscanini in the best possible way. Comparison between the technical innuendoes of both sides does not warrant consideration. This record is worth every penny of its price for the Gershwin alone, but is that enough? I don't think it is! (H.M.V. A.L.P.1107.)

Robert Tredinnick

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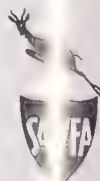
That's what comes of selecting and maturing and waiting and keeping on doing that, and the longer it goes on the better the quality becomes.

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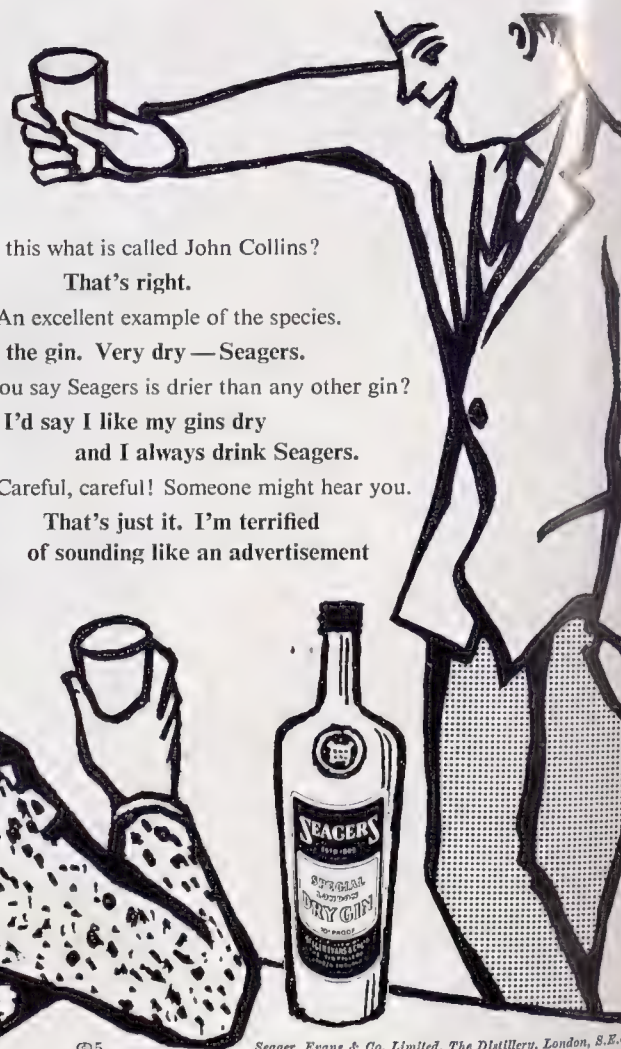


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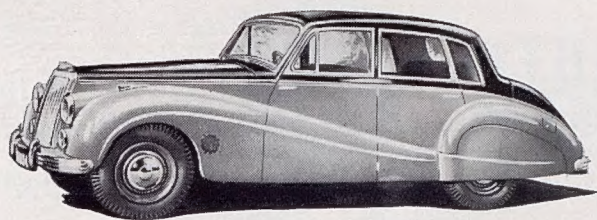
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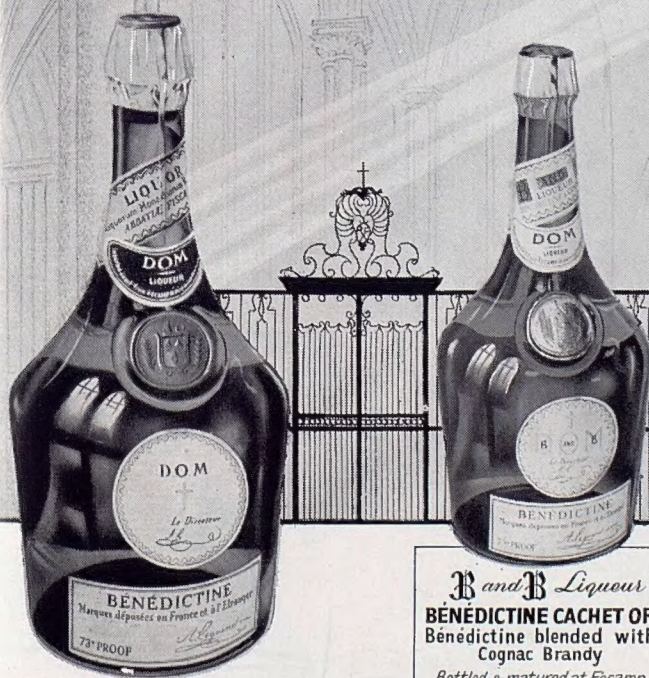
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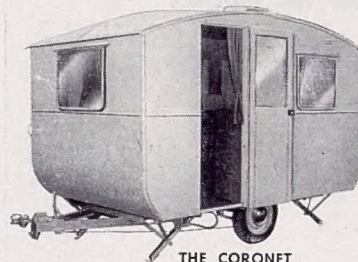
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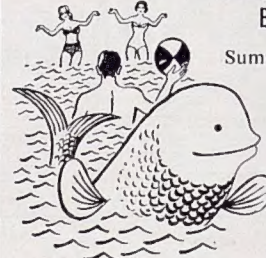
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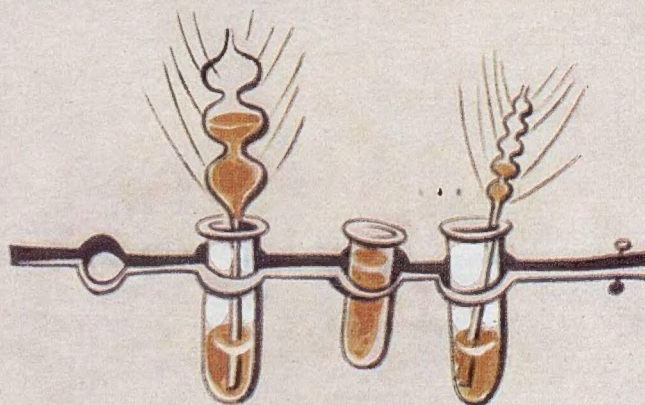
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boiling point, and covered in cellophane from the deep freeze. To add savour, many slice the bread with a rusty kitchen knife kept specially for cutting up onions. The bread is brown because white bread contains no vitamin F<sub>16</sub>. It is interesting that brown bread contains none either.

\* Or, as we prefer to call it in Basic Schweppshish, "stuff in me put". ("Bread" belongs to our cumbersome older vocabulary, now reduced to 17 words, all tremendously short.)



Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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